

She Wolf

by hirakohs

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Summary: She was a lone wolf, walking among a pride of calculating felines. [Kuroo Tetsurou/OC] [PERMANENT HAITUS/DISCONTINUED]

## 1. Prologue

\*\*PROLOGUE: CHAMPIONS AREN'T MADE HERE

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><p><em>"If winning isn't everything, why do they keep score?"<em>

\* \* \*

><p>"Throw me the toss!"<p>

She was breathing heavily, they had won the first set of the match and were so close to winning. Sweat was pouring down her face, along with the faces of her teammates, everyone was heaving and their cheeks were flushed with exhaustion. She was ready, she could feel it in her bones. They were going to win this, she was going to win this. She grinned, her heart thumping with excitement. All she had to do now was jump.

"Ace!"

Just jump.

Rin bent her knees, her eyes watching as the ball came soaring in her direction. She pushed off the floor, jumping into the air with a grace that most in the crowd swore they had never seen in anyone her age before. Throughout the whole match the crowd had ooh'd and ahh'd over Rin, she was tall for a girl, but not only that - her jumps were so high it was like she was flying. Her spikes were so harsh that the blockers finger tips ached each time she hit the ball.

But it wasn't just about Rin, no, her entire team was lethal. Her team worked so well together, like a pack of wolves hunting for a meal, they relied on each other and flowed smoothly with each offensive and defensive attack.

Rin arched her back and bent her knees, bringing her hand back and slapping the ball so hard it soared past the blockers fingers. The crowd erupted in cheers and she could hear her teammates calling graces out to her. Rin landed back on her feet and flinched slightly, her knees buckled and stiffened, but she caught herself before she fell. She gritted her teeth together and turned around to her teammates, using the end of her shirt to wipe the sweat from her forehead, "Alright! Let's do it again!"

Again, the team easily stopped the ball from hitting the floor and Rin called for the toss again. She was ready, she was sure. They were 4 points ahead and only needed 3 more points to win the second set. If they won the second set then she could finally go and tell her father that she did it, that he made a champion out of her. She had trained day in and day out just for this moment, she had trained harder than she had ever before. Her brother and grandfather were in the stands, watching her as she approached her goal in becoming a champion. She couldn't help but grin at the thought.

Just three more points, just three more points.

"Rin-san!"

She jumped, her knees ached at this point and she was sure that jumping after this would hurt even more - but she had to do it. She \*\*would\*\* do it. Rin had to jump again and again because she was going to be a champion. She was the Oni her grandfather told her about, even called her. She was lethal and dangerous and all she had to do was jump up really high and spike the ball as hard as she could. She's done it before, and she can do it again.

But she didn't.

The moment she jumped her knees gave out on her, causing her to slip and fall to the ground with a loud thud. Her knees slammed against the gym floor so hard she swore she would have bruises for a couple weeks. She felt dizzy, and she hunched forward, her palms slapping against the shiny floor as she swayed. Drops of sweat splattered onto the shiny floor and her vision blurred in and out, her breathing erratic.

What is happening?

She could hear the referee blow his whistle, and her name was being shouted from multiple directions but everything was a complete blur at this point. She tried to push herself up from the floor, she wanted to call for one more toss - just one more. But when she tried to stand, an excruciating pain shot through her right knee, followed by a loud pop. A cry tore through her lips as she collapsed onto the floor once more, tears sprung in the corners of her eyes and she didn't even try to stop them as they fell down her cheeks.

Her brothers voice was closer now but she couldn't pinpoint just how close because all she could focus on was the pain in her knees. It

hurt so much, more than it had over the past couple of weeks. Sure, she was training hard and she felt sore all over. But she never gave a second thought to the pain in knees, she wrote it off as her just being sore. That's all it was, she was just too sore to play.

\_Right?\_

"Rin! Rin!"

This wasn't suppose to be happening, people shouldn't be calling her name out of worry they should be chanting her name because they won. They should be chanting the name of her team, of her teammates. This isn't how it was suppose to go down, none of this was suppose to happen so why is it happening? Why now?

Another cry tore past Rin's lips as she was lifted off the floor, the pain in her knees shot down her legs and she could feel the sting and burn in her toes. Her right knee hurt more than the left, but the pain in both was enough to have her crying. She clung to whoever held her and repeated two words over and over.

\_ "My knees." \_

\* \* \*

><p>[<strong>DISCLAIMER<strong>: I do not own Haikyuu! or any recognizable characters. The only characters I take claim over are Rin, Daisuke, and some students that I'm going to conjure.]

{ \*\*AUTHORS CORNER\*\*: UWAH. I said I would write another story since I only have my SNK story out, so I decided to write this. This is going to be a \*\*Kuroo Tetsurou/OC\*\* story because he's my trash prince and I love him. It takes place one year before the actual story line and will eventually lead into the manga/anime plot. Thanks for reading! Please comment! }

## 2. Find A Friend

\*\*CHAPTER ONE: FIND A FRIEND

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><p><em>"Sports do not build character. They reveal it."<em>

\* \* \*

><p>Rin Nekomata shifted awkwardly on her feet, her honey brown eyes darting anywhere but on the people in front of her. The homeroom teacher, Midori Sensei, was enthusiastically introducing the new second year to her classmates, completely oblivious to the harsh whispers and confused stares the girl was getting. It was only natural that most were confused, the girl <em>was<em> wearing pants instead of the traditional plaid skirt that went along with the girls uniform - and she had arrived to school two weeks after it started. Rin clenched her jaw, tightening her grip on the strap of her backpack - she was trying to ignore the whispers of both males and

females in the room but it was hard for her not to snap. She wasn't the easiest person to get along with in the first place, solely because her temper was so short. Living with only males for so long will do that, apparently.

Her gaze snapped over to her teacher, the tiny woman reaching up and placing a hand on Rin's shoulder encouragingly. Rin tried to hold in her flinch, and apparently she did it well because the teacher smiled warmly up at her - completely oblivious to Rin's tense posture.

"Would you like to add anything Nekomata-san?"

Rin tilted her head and resisted the urge to frown, instead she cleared her throat and forced a sheepish smile onto her face. She rubbed the back of her neck and spoke, her voice much softer than what most would expect, "Eh? Not really, Sensei."

The teacher laughed softly and waved her hands the new girls direction, patting her shoulder encouragingly, "Well, how about just one thing? It's not often that we get new students during their second year, you know!"

Rin resisted the urge to turn around and just leave the room, she wasn't really good at talking about herself. And by not really good, it really meant not good at all. Rin could truly be a terror, so what nice thing could she say about herself?

"Uh, my grandfather is the Volleyball coach here at Nekoma?"

Although it was a fact, Rin worded it more as a question - turning to her homeroom teacher to see if that little tid-bit of information was enough to satisfy her curiosity. Midori Sensei nodded happily and pointed to an open seat near the back of the room. Rin sighed and pulled her bag closer to herself as she made her way through the rows of students, she could feel their eyes following her and it only made her uncomfortable and angry.

\_Seriously, do they not know what manners are?\_

Rin set her bag down on the floor and plopped into her seat ungracefully, stretching her legs out in front of her. She kept her eyes on her desk, still refusing to meet the eyes of the other students. Her face was probably set into an unpleasant scowl, but she could really care less.

"Uhm, since you don't know your way around yet," The teacher began, her eyes scanning over the students before landing on a boy who say a couple seats away from Rin. She clapped her hands together happily and grinned, "Tetsurou-san! Why don't you show Nekomata-san around?"

"Eh?" The boy perked up, turning to glance at Rin before looking back at the teacher. He leaned his cheek into his hand and shrugged his shoulders, an all too happy grin making its way onto his face. Rin huffed, not entirely happy with his reply, "Why not?"

"Great!"

"Ah, it's really unnecessary, Sensei," Rin began, trying to remove the frown off her face. She really didn't want a babysitter around school, she honestly didn't want to talk to anyone at this point. She was completely happy with figuring her way around alone, "I could always just ask -"

"Nonsense!" The red headed teacher exclaimed, making an 'x' with her hands, "Tetsurou-san is Captain of the Volleyball team, you're bound to meet him sooner or later!"

Rin resisted the urge to smack her face against her desk, instead she just slumped even further into her seat and muttered a string of profanities under her breath. She could feel her cheeks flush as her anger rose. Rin wasn't exactly excited about getting antiquated with someone from the Volleyball team, though she was sure her grandfather would be beside himself at the news. She wasn't really good at making friends in general, she was awkward and easily angered, and had a nasty stubborn side that could tick off even the calmest of men. She was hard headed and sometimes a bit too honest, and it took a lot for her to actually show someone she cared. The only person she really openly cared about was her brother - and he was off in college in America. Rin sighed, pulling a random notebook from her bag and opening it with a slap. She could still feel students watching her and she tried not to snap her pencil in half as she held it in her left hand. Instead, she busied herself with doodling, occasionally writing the notes that the teacher had put on the board. She wasn't exactly paying too much attention, but Rin was sure she knew all of this already. Daisuke had made sure when he was homeschooling her that she was learning everything equivalent to an honors student, she expected nothing less from her brother. He was, after all, going to a school that Americans called a 'Top Ivy League College'.

Rin's eyes darted around for a split second and she immediately regretted it, she shot her eyes back down to her paper and huffed. She was receiving some heated glares from a few girls in the classroom, and a few guys were openly staring at her. Her cheeks grew hot once more, and most probably thought it was out of embarrassment. She gripped onto her pencil tighter, the lines she was making to draw a finger grew darker and she huffed.

\_Really, was it so odd for a girl to wear pants?\_

Rin knew they're weren't staring at her for her height, sure she wasn't exactly petite like most girls but she wasn't as tall as Daisuke. Her brother stood at a tall and broad 198 cm, while Rin just a "weak" 180 cm.

Rin sighed, continuing to doodle random hands, eyes and noses all over her notebook. Her mind occasionally drifting to her brother and other things, she subconsciously brought her right hand to her knee, her left hand still doodling away.

"Oi, are you coming?"

Rin jumped, her eyes snapping up to meet a pair of brown ones. She scanned the boys features quickly, it was the boy who Midori Sensei had assigned to escort her around. The girl clenched her jaw and turned away in an attempt to hide her frown, her hair fluttering around her.

"You know," Rin began, closing her notebook and stuffing it into her bag, "If you're worried about me telling Jii-chan that you didn't want to show me around or something, I'm not going to tattle. I'll be fine on my own."

The boy snickered, adjusting his bag on his shoulder. Honestly, Rin thought he was pretty cute. Tall with a bed head look that gave him that all around "bad boy" feel, he was lean - no doubt from playing Volleyball - and Rin now understood why the girls in class were giving her the stink eye before. She wasn't one to get flustered around boys so quickly, solely because she hung out with her brother and his friends so often that she just stopped getting all "\_kyaa\_". There really was no other way to explain it.

"I wasn't worried about Coach," He smirked, "But he never did mention having a granddaughter."

Rin sighed, standing up from her seat. He was taller than her, but not by much, so she only had to tilt her head slightly upwards to get a good look at noticed that with the light spilling in from the classroom windows, her eyes looked a lot more yellow than they did brown.

Rin slung her bag across her shoulder, her posture poor as she looked towards him and spoke, "I'll be fine on my own."

"I'm Kuroo Tetsurou," the boy told her, completely ignoring her statement.

Rin bit the inside of her cheek, her brows furrowing together. She shifted, feeling uncomfortable with him staring down at her now. Sure, she could use the help getting around school. It was larger than her middle school, and it wasn't like she knew anyone here. But did she want the help? Not really, Rin never liked asking for help in the first place.

The boy raised his brows at her, silently asking if she was going to follow him or not.

A large part of her wanted to just storm past him and ignore him for the rest of the day, but she did appreciate that he actually accepted the offer to show her around.

"Nekomata Rin, call me Rin," She stated, beginning to walk in step with him, "I'm, uh, not too good at the whole formalities to be honest."

Kuroo snickered, "Me either. Are you hungry?"

Rin shook her head, rubbing the back of her neck awkwardly. She could feel her classmates staring at her and she fidgeted under their gazes, it was really starting to tick her off.

Pushing those feelings aside, she answered the boy, "Not really, uh, but is there a vending machine here? I'm pretty thirsty, I don't know if it was just me or not but I'm pretty sure half the girls were giving me heated looks. Really, I think I started to sweat a little."

Kuroo chuckled again and lead Rin to a nearby vending machine, "Ah, don't let the girls get to you."

Rin snorted, pushing the button for an iced coffee. She waited for the drink to dispense and she eyed Kuroo with her peripherals, a single slender brow raised at him, "Oh? I'm fairly certain they were giving me such looks because it was you who was assigned to be my babysitter."

"Babysitter?" Kuroo teased, leaning against the wall beside the vending machine. He watched as she opened the can and brought it to her lips, continuing to look at him with a raised brow.

She decided to ignore his comment. She ran a hand through her hair and cocked her hip slightly as she spoke, "So, uh, you're the Captain of Jii-chan's Volleyball team?"

Kuroo nodded and pushed himself off the wall, giving her a closed eye smile, "Come on, I'll introduce you to -"

"I really don't want to meet the rest of the team right now," Rin muttered into the can, her shoulders slumping.

"I was going to say my friend," Kuroo smirked, looking at Rin from the corner of his eyes. She moved her eyes from his and focused down on her drink as the two began to walk again, "He's a first year."

"Oh," Rin answered, feeling awkward beside the Captain. She was receiving even more stares than she originally had when she first arrived this morning, and she immediately regretted not trying harder about going around school on her own. Kuroo would occasionally offer a wave to random students, mostly males, but there were a couple girls who would come up to him and say hello, all while shooting a harsh glare at Rin. He wasn't oblivious to it, Rin could tell that much, but he did choose to ignore it. Her cheeks flushed each time a girl would glare at her, and when Kuroo would turn away she would offer a sneer of her own for a split second.

She didn't need the only person being remotely nice to her to suddenly be turned off by her personality, so she tried to hold in as much of her anger as she could.

"You're quite popular," Rin mused once the two reached an area mostly occupied by first years. They all looked at the two with wide eyes, a lot of the first years having to crane their necks up to get a good look at the two. Rin seemed oblivious to the amount of blushing faces of the young first year boys, but Kuroo noticed them - a lot of them staring at her with open mouths and red faces.

"So, why'd you come here your second year?" Kuroo asked, tilting his head to the side - completely ignoring Rin's statement.

The girl sighed, rubbing the back of her neck, trying to conjure the best honest answer she could, "I used to live with my brother, but he moved to America to go to school over there. So I, uh, moved in with Jii-chan."

"Ahh~," Kuroo hummed, "America? That's amazing."

"He says it is," Rin nodded.

"So," Kuroo continued, leaving no room for silence. He, just like a lot of people, was curious about the new girl. Not only did she attend the school during her second year, but also two weeks after classes had started. She wore pants instead of the skirt, and he she was pretty enough to catch the attention of a few males in the class. She seemed different to him, and Kuroo was always up for different, "Do you or your brother play any sports?"

Rin clenched her jaw, a familiar feeling of distaste making it's way inside her mouth. She resisted the urge to yell and him and stomp away, but her brothers words rung in her mind. He had drilled it in her brain while he was still in Japan, he had made sure she remembered exactly what he said for a moment just like this.

\_ "Give people a chance, leave the past in the past. I can't be there, so find a friend who will." \_

"...I don't," Rin shook her head, turning to look at her feet as they walked.

Kuroo eyed her for a moment, he wasn't the smartest guy out there but he was far from dumb. He knew she was lying, and of course he was curious as to why, but he'd let it drop for now, "And your brother?"

Rin cleared her throat, tossing her empty can into a trash bin they passed, "Daisuke plays basketball in America, he's good at it."

"Ah? No Volleyball?" Kuroo chuckled, Rin noticed they were near a grassy area now, shaded by multiple trees. Leaning on one of the trees was a young boy with shoulder length black hair, casually pushing the buttons on a handheld gaming device. Thankfully, Rin didn't have to answer Kuroo's question because the tall teen beside her called out, "Kenma!"

Kenma looked up and Rin shrunk back a little, meeting one person was enough - now she was meeting another? Really, she was already sure half the second year class hater her, she didn't not need anyone else staring at her for befriending a first year - and really, could he get any more adorable?

"Kuroo?"

Kuroo nudged Rin forward and she glared at him, trying not to hiss at him. Her brother would scold her for doing so, telling her something along the lines of 'it's not lady-like', "This is Rin Nekomata."

"I could have introduced myself," Rin huffed, frowning at Kuroo before turning to look at Kenma, "You can just call me Rin."

Kenma nodded shyly, averting his gaze, "Kozume Kenma."

"Kenma is our setter," Kuroo stated, leaning against the tree with a smug grin on his face.

"That so?" Rin murmured, taking a step into the shade underneath the tree. She reached for the tie around her neck and yanked it, it was

really warm out and wearing pants wasn't helping her cool off any.

"Rin here is Coach's granddaughter," Kuroo stated, noting that it didn't seem like the other two weren't going to make an attempt at conversation. While he knew Kenma was quiet and to himself, Rin was the new girl - so, obviously, she wasn't going to spill her life story to them then and there.

"Oh?"

Rin plopped down on the grass, across from both Kenma and Kuroo. She crossed her legs, letting her bag sit behind her so she could lean on it, "It's really nothing special. He's just an old man who coaches Volleyball."

Kuroo hummed, tilting his head at the girl, "Can I ask you something, Rin?"

"You're probably going to ask even if I say no," Rin answered, running a hand through her hair lazily. She leaned over, her shoulders hunching as she rested her hands on her lap.

Kuroo smirked, "Why the pants?"

Her eyes stared into his for a moment, and she debated on how to answer. Come up with a thick lie? Evade the question all together? Answer with the least amount of information possible?

"Is it really so odd for me to be wearing pants?" Rin tugged at the black pants for a moment, a small frown pulling at her lips.

"Yes."

"Kuroo, you shouldn't be so rude," Kenma quipped quietly, looking up from his game for a second to glance between the two second years.

Kuroo shrugged, before a thought popped into his head. A smile made its way onto his face and he looked back at Rin, she eyed him warily, "Oi, so since your grandpa is the coach does that mean you'll be at all our practices?"

Rin frowned and pulled a few pieces of grass from in front of her, "Unfortunately, I think so."

"Ah, it's not that unfortunate! You'll just get to spend more time with Kenma and me!"

Rin tilted her head and pointed towards the quiet first year, "I think I'm looking forward to spending time with him, he's quieter."

"Eh? That's so mean!"

\* \* \*

><p>[<strong>DISCLAIMER<strong>: I do not own \_Haikyuu!\_ or any recognizable characters. The only characters I take claim over are

Rin, Daisuke, and some students that I'm going to conjure.]

{ \*\*AUTHORS CORNER\*\*: Ah! Thanks so much for the comments, follows and favorites! I really wasn't expecting much on the first chapter but I'm really happy with the response I got! I wasn't going to post this until after I updated my other story, but I decided to anyway! I double checked it, but I have a bad habit of missing some things so please let me know if there are any grammatical or spelling errors in the story! Again, thank you so much for the feedback! It made my happy. }

### 3. To Be Or Not To Be

\*\*CHAPTER TWO: TO BE OR NOT TO BE  
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\* \* \*

><p><em>"You can't win unless you learn how to lose."<em>

\* \* \*

><p>Rin looked at herself in the mirror of the girls locker room. Since it was the end of the school day, and she knew she would stay for the boys Volleyball practice, she had decided that she would bring a change of clothes. As... <em>cute<em> as the uniform was, she really didn't want to be uncomfortable while sitting in the gym for so long. So, she stripped herself of her uniform and slipped on some stretchy form-fitting black athletic pants and a loose black tank top with her brother's school logo stamped on the front. She replaced her brown loafers with some black basketball shoes her brother sent her from America. Rin ran a hand through her shoulder length black hair and shook it around, if she thought about it she really did have a messy and choppy haircut - but she liked it. Honestly, even though Rin wasn't the girly girl type, she still thought she was somewhat attractive. Due to her having her fathers height and an athletic build, she had small breasts and a thin waist. But her long legs and arms seemed to make up for that. She had her mothers golden brown eyes instead of her fathers icy blues. But besides that, most of her features matched her fathers. Sharp cheek bones and an angular jaw, a thin pretty nose and a thin lips. She wasn't the type to wear make up - which she blamed living with only males for - she considered herself pretty enough to do without. She wasn't cocky, but she was confident.

Rin sighed, slumping her shoulders and walking towards the gym. Her sneakers squeaked as she stepped into the brightly lit gym and a small smile made it's way onto her face, looking up at the tall ceiling brought back memories. She inhaled, the smell of the gym polish reached her nose and she was sure that the smell of sweat would soon override that.

"Is that you, Rin?"

Rin tilted her head down and offered a small wave, walking towards the voice, "It's me, Jii-chan."

Her grandfather smiled as she plopped beside him, dropping her bag to

the floor lazily. Her eyes were still gazing around the large gym with appreciation, before a small frown slipped its way onto her face and she clenched her fists. Yasufumi noticed and sighed, setting a hand on her shoulder, "I'm glad you came."

Rin offered a weak smile, rubbing the back of her neck as she spoke, "Well, you are my ride home Jii-chan. And anyways, I know you wanted to show me your '\_amazing'\_ team. Even Daisuke was pushing me, you're both so annoying."

"I hope they live up to your standards."

Rin snorted, rolling her eyes and looking at the Volleyball net, "You act as if you need my approval."

Her grandfather offered her a closed eye smile, "Of course I need your approval, you're my pride and joy when it comes to Volleyball!"

Rin huffed, "I was - "

Her sentence was cut off when the gym door open and multiple sneakers squeaked against the nicely polished floor. Rin looked away from her grandfather and turned her attention to the team in front of her, immediately one of the boys let out a loud gasp and covered his mouth - his face turning as red as his practice shorts. She tilted her head in confusion and pulled a face. Most of the team was looking at her in confusion, while Kuroo was grinning in her direction and Kenma offered her a small nod.

Rin's grandfather stood, slapping his hands together and smiling at the team, "For those of who who haven't my beautiful, charming granddaughter, I'd like to introduce her to you."

Rin twitched, her eyes narrowing at her grandfather for adding so much sugarcoating to her introduction. She slowly moved her eyes back over to the team before turning her attention to their shoes, she forgot how bad she disliked meeting groups of people, "Uh, my name is Rin Nekomata. It's nice to meet you."

"U - u - untouchable!" The red faced teen cried, bringing up his forearm to cover his eyes.

Rin looked at him oddly and Kuroo simply pressed his hand tightly against the top of the boy's head while speaking, "Oi, Yamamoto, stop crying and introduce yourself properly to our new manager."

"\_Hah?\_" Rin asked, standing and placing her hands on her hips, "I never agreed to that."

"Oh?"

Rin turned to look at her grandfather who began to look up at her with an all \*\*\_too\_\* sweet smile, "Maybe I should just tell Daisuke about how you refuse to -"

Rin snatched the clipboard from her grandfather's hands, her cheeks flushing with anger while she stormed back over to the bench muttering an '\_I'll think about\_'.

"N - Nekomata-hime-sama!" Yamamoto cried, causing Rin to scowl, "I'm Yamamoto Taketora!"

"\_Oi.\_ Don't call me that," She huffed, crossing her arms, "Just call me Rin."

"R-Rin-hime!"

Rin groaned, slapping the clipboard lightly against her forehead.

"Alright, alright," her Grandfather waved his hands softly, "Why don't you go stretch while I talk to the new manager."

A chorus of agreement was heard, followed by the squeaking of shoes and Rin sighed, pulling the clipboard away from her face and setting it down at her side. She watched as the team went over to stretch, and a familiar distaste filled her senses. She missed it and hated it all at the same time, a part of her just wanted to leave and walk back to the house without her grandfather, but she was still relatively new to the area and would most likely get lost. Rin sighed, pushing her hair away from her face as she hunched over on the bench - leaning her forearms on her thighs.

"Maybe it'll be good for you, Rin-chan," Her grandfather spoke up from his seat beside her. She shrugged her shoulders and he sighed, "I how you've been feeling - "

"Not really."

"Rin," Her grandfather scolded but continued on, "Daisuke wouldn't want you to be so angry towards something you love, your father wouldn't either."

"Don't bring either of them into this," She shot back, shooting him a glare. Her voice was low so the team wouldn't hear her, but her cheeks were flushed as they always seemed to be when she was angry, "Don't."

Yasufumi sighed, "Just try to be happy, I've missed the smile you use to wear while playing."

Rin snorted, "Yeah, well, I'm not playing so don't expect that smile so soon Jii-chan."

"I'm sure the team will impress you," The older Nekomata changed the subject after a moment of silence, just as the group of boys was finishing up with their stretches, "They're nothing like Okamiyasha was, but they have their own flow. They can only improve from here on out."

Rin tried not to flinch hearing the name of her old team. Instead she turned her attention to Nekoma as they began to practice. She watched her grandfather coach them, and Kuroo lead them as Captain. None of them seemed to stand out too much to Rin, no one really seemed like an ace. Though, as she watched them practice they did flow nicely together - working like a well oiled machine. She would lean over and ask her grandfather their names every once in a while, and then ask their position if she didn't already guess it. Kuroo definitely seemed Captain material, he was definitely the leader type and Rin

could see it in the way he played and in the way he spoke to his team. Although aloof at times, he was encouraging.

"His form is weird," Rin muttered, watching Yamamoto give a weird war cry as he spiked the ball down.

"Why don't you tell him?"

Rin shook her head, making an 'x' with her two index fingers and turning towards her grandfather, "I told Kuroo that I, uh, don't play sports. Because I don't! I mean, I use to but I don't anymore so it would look weird if I tried to - "

"Watch out, Rin-hime!"

"Heads up!"

Rin's eyes snapped up, seeing the volleyball head straight for her.

Her reaction was automatic, but it was too fluid to be an the automatic reaction of someone who "didn't play sports". Especially for a girl, who the boys would assume would squeak and flail their arms. They were wrong. The team watched as she was quick to put her two hands together, her forearms outward and her head tilted up ever so slightly as she watched the ball. The familiar tingle and burn hit her skin at the same time the ball slapped against her forearms and she could feel herself want to smile, the ball bounced off her arms and back towards the boys but they all seemed a little too surprised to grab it. Rin eyes widened when she caught sight of Kuroo. She wanted to yell at him the second she saw the sly grin on his face, she knew that he had sent the ball her way and she cursed herself for being such a bad liar earlier. It was a test, he had tested her and she passed in his book and failed in her own. Now there was no doubt in his mind that she played Volleyball.

"I need some air," Rin growled, snatching her phone from her bag and stomping out the door of the gym - not waiting for any reactions. She walked a little bit around from the gym, avoiding the people still lingering around school. Rin stopped when she found a nice shaded spot against the back of the gym - near the boys lockers rooms - and sat down against the wall. She let out a deep breath and flipped her phone open, the tiny wolf charm dangling from it shook as she punched in her brothers phone number. Pressing the phone to her ear, she listened as it rang.

Once.

Twice.

Thrice.

"Yo~"

"Who are you saying 'yo' to, eh?" Rin rolled her eyes, tilting her head, "You didn't even video call me yesterday, stupid. And now you answer you're phone all smooth like 'yo'. Are your English friends next to you or are you trying to act cool again -"

"Oi, oi," Her brother spoke up in the middle of her rant, his voice

coming off in a childish whine. Really, for a man as smart and big as him Rin tended to forget he was the biggest child she knew, "What's got you all riled up?"

Rin huffed, a pout forming on her lips, "Who else but that Volleyball obsessed old man?"

Her brother chuckled on the other line and she heard shuffling around, she tilted her head and asked him, "Did I wake you up from a nap or something?"

"Nope," Her brother quipped, "I was studying though, you interrupted that."

"Eh? You're not heading to basketball practice or something?" Rin asked, picking at the grass beside her legs.

"Today and yesterday were rest days," her brother answered, "One of the guys got hurt the other day, so the coach decided that we all deserved a break. But enough about me, how was your first official day at Nekoma? Did you make any friends? Join a sport, maybe?"

Rin sighed, a frown tugging at the corner of her lips as her brother spat questions her way, "First day was what I expected it to be, too long and annoying. I haven't made friends, but I guess I've made the acquaintance of two people and -"

"Saa! That's good!" Her brother exclaimed, happiness evident in his tone of voice, "I'm glad you're making friends. Are they girls? Wait, no. You never did get along well with girls so it's probably boys. Am I right? Oi! No boyfriends so soon! You just got -"

"Stupid," Rin groaned, leaning her head back to gently smack it against the wall, "I just said I made someone's acquaintance, I didn't sign a marriage license! No, it's not a girl. Yes, it's a boy. He's on Jii-chan's Volleyball team... He's the Captain and he showed me around school. He's nice enough, I think."

"Speaking of Volleyball," Her brother began. she heard rustling in the background and the sound of a can opening and then sizzling. Rin's eyes narrowed ahead of her and she glared at nothing.

"I didn't join," Rin snapped, "But Jii-chan is trying to get me to be Nekoma's manager, I really don't want to and -"

"Do it."

"Daisuke, I just said I don't want -"

"Saaa," Her brother stretched, "How's Ko doing? I don't have to bring him all the way over here 'cause you're mistreating him, right? That would be such a shame."

Rin growled, "You planned this didn't you?"

She couldn't see his face, but she was sure her brother was giving her a triumphant smirk, "Who knows?"

"Man," Rin puffed her cheeks out childishly, "When you head down here in a couple weeks the first thing I'm going to do is punch you in the

gut."

Her brother guffawed, "I'm just doing what's best for my \_dearest\_ sister."

"Shut up," Rin snapped, stomping back towards the gym, "I'm going back to tell Jii-chan that you're forcing me to become the teams manager because you're threatening to -"

"Have a good day at practice~," Her brother answered in a sing-song voice, "Bye bye!"

Rin shoved the door open to the gym, snapping her phone shut with a huff. The team was in the middle of a water break and they all glanced her way, her grandfather looking at her questioningly before he noticed the phone in her hand, a sly smile made it's way onto his face, "I take it you talked to your brother?"

Rin huffed, plopping down on the bench beside the stuttering first year who had called her 'Rin-hime', she didn't notice his face turn a beat red - but everyone else on the team did, and they tried their hardest to hide their snickers and giggles.

Rin turned to her grandfather, her expression hard, "So, what's a manager suppose to do?"

"Ah, so you're finally going to do manager duties?"

Rin turned her head to the side lazily to see Kuroo grinning at her, he had a small towel wrapped around his neck and a water bottle in his hands. He tilted his head at her, stilling grinning, "I knew you'd come around."

Rin rolled her eyes and went to say something, but her grandfather interrupted her.

"No," Her smiled, crossing his arms over his chest, "Rin will be a different kind of a manager. I entrust the regular manager duties to her, but she'll also help during your training."

Rin glowered at her grandfather, cursing both him and her brother in her head. There was no doubt in her mind that they had planned this out, and she was being forced to go along with it all. Her grandfather gave her a closed eye smile, and it was then that she realized why she found Kuroo's to be irking. That smile always meant they had something up their sleeve and Rin wasn't good at reading people out the court, so she was clueless as to what they were planning until the last second. Rin clenched her fists.

She was the boy's Volleyball teams new manager, and she wasn't happy about it.

\* \* \*

><p>Rin stepped into the house and removed her shoes, letting her bag plop to the floor with a loud thud. Practice was over and her grandfather didn't make her do much except regular manager duties - getting water, washing the towels, helping clean the gym. She had resorted to giving the old man the silent treatment, and only spoke a few words to the team before offering them a half-hearted goodbye.

She stopped for a moment, a frown on her face.<p>

Rin spun around and faced her grandfather, her hands shaking at her sides as her anger finally took over, "You and Daisuke planned this, didn't you?"

Her grandfather simply blinked at her, waiting for the girl to continue.

"You and Daisuke," Rin growled. Her anger had bubbled and simmered the more she thought about being the teams 'manager'. And then when her grandfather had added that she would help during training, it just seemed too perfect for them. It wasn't hard for her to figure out that they were practically shoving her back towards Volleyball, and she didn't appreciate it, "It's not that you couldn't home-school me, it's that you didn't want to. Because if you home schooled me then I wouldn't have become the manager of your team. And God knows that the two of you have been doing everything in your power just to get me to hold a Volleyball again!"

Rin was breathing heavily now, her shoulders shaking, "Why can't you two just leave me alone!? I hate it, I hate Volleyball. I don't ever want to see it again."

"Now we both know that's a lie," The older Nekomata answered simply, "I could see it from the moment you walked into the gym that you missed everything about that sport. And if you miss it, you still hold some emotion towards it. Somewhere deep down in your heart, you still love Volleyball. You never stopped, and never will."

Rin shook her head childishly balling her hands into fists and swinging them at her sides, "I don't love Volleyball anymore! It's stupid!"

"The way you watched Nekoma today and asked me questions and asked me their names, " Yasufumi sighed, looking at his granddaughter, "Spend enough time with the team and you'll care about them just as you cared about Okamiyasha. I can see it already, the way you began correcting Taketora's form, the way you watched Kenma toss, and watched Kuroo as well. You love Volleyball, you're a poor liar and everyone knows it."

Rin couldn't help but snort towards the end and she closed her eyes, dropping her head and shoulders, "It's unfair, Jii-chan."

"I know."

"I mean," Rin began, biting the inside of her cheek, "I love it and hate it. I can't go back like how I use to, I - I have to get use to it being on the sidelines and I'm not sure how long it'll take me to get use to that."

Yasufumi smiled, patting the top of Rin's head as he walked by, "Nekoma will wait, we do need a manager after all. And with your skill combined with my own, we'll rise to the top again."

Rin nodded slowly, rubbing her face as she walked towards her room. She opened the door and not even seconds after doing so she was thrown to the ground, landing with an 'oomf'. She giggled softly once she realized what had happened and wrapped her arms around the

neck of the medium-size black dog that was attacking her face with kisses. Her grandfather peeked his head around the corner to see what the thump was and he rolled his eyes seeing the dog, "I still don't understand why you asked for such a thing. Why couldn't you get something smaller?"

Rin laughed, pulling the dog off of her and patting his head as she stood, "Because, I'm allergic to cats and small dogs aren't going to protect me when I go for a walk at night. At least Ko is smart and takes commands."

"He lies down when you tell him to roll over," Her grandfather shot back.

"I never said he was perfect!" Rin defended the hound, causing the old man to laugh. Rin stood and looked at the dog, his tongue rolled out of his mouth and tail wagging back and forth quickly.

"Actually, I think I'm going to take Ko for a walk," Rin answered, slipping her shoes back on and grabbing a thin jacket from her closet. She grabbed Ko's leash and clipped it onto his black collar, tugging the Kai Inu forward while wrapping the leash around her wrist, 'I'll be back in an hour or so!"

She heard her grandfather call back a 'be safe' as she exited the house and she hummed in agreement. She smiled, the night air was refreshing compared to the early afternoon heat. And the streets were calmer than they usually were during the day, only the quiet buzz of the street lamps could be heard. Rin walked slowly, taking in the environment as she walked. Ko kept up with her so she held the leash loosely. Ko was a good dog, although he was pretty dumb when it came to commands he was sure of one single command that Daisuke had taught him, and that was "bite." The second the dog heard the word "bite" he was growling at whoever was next to her until she consoled him. Her brother had given Ko to her two years ago and ever since then the dog was attached to her at the hip.

"Ko!" Rin hissed when the dog began to drag her forward, running with his tongue out as he chased something ahead of her, "Ko! No! Stop!"

"Rin?"

Rin snapped her head and blinked, tugging at the leash with two hands, "Kenma?"

The boy stepped forward, an orange cat in his arms. He eye'd Ko for a moment and Rin laughed nervously, turning to the dog. She tugged at the leash, pulling the dog to her side, "Ko! Paw!"

The dog's tongue rolled out of his mouth as he sat beside Rin obediently, she sighed and slumped her shoulders.

"You're out late."

Rin lifted her head towards Kenma before tilting up to the sky so she could look at the full moon above her as she spoke, shrugging her shoulders indifferently, "I guess so. I just felt the need to get out of the house for a bit."

"Is it because of what happened at practice?"

Rin looked at him, slightly surprised that he was even this talkative. She pressed her lips together and hummed, "I guess so."

"Kuroo told me that you said you didn't play any sports," Kenma spoke, his voice was quiet but Rin could still hear him clearly, "But it's obvious that you do. Not just because of the way you hit the ball, but because of the way you watched us practice."

Rin's eyes widened slightly and she stood straighter, blinking at the first year, "What?"

"I've seen girls come and watch," Kenma shifted on his feet as he spoke, his hand still petting the orange cat in his hands, "They mostly just ask questions and watch the 2nd and 3rd years while blushing. But you watched... actually watched us practice. I could tell you knew what we were doing right and wrong."

"My, my," Rin chuckled softly, "You're quite observant, Kenma, that's why you're such a good setter. You'll only get better, you know?"

Kenma turned away and Rin could see the light blush that spread on his cheeks. She smiled and looked back up at the moon, "I used to play, I don't anymore."

"From what I can see," Kenma began, turning to look up at Rin with a small smile, "I believe you'll help Nekoma rise back up."

It was Rin's turn to blush and she stuttered, taking a step back and waving her hands in front of her comically. Ko stared up at and Rin and jumped on her excitedly, nearly knocking her down as she stuttered out a response, "I mean - I - I don't even know - ugh!"

Rin was at a loss.

Now she \_wanted\_ to be Nekoma's manager.

\* \* \*

><p>[<strong>DISCLAIMER<strong>: I do not own Haikyuu! or any recognizable characters. The only characters I take claim over are Rin, Daisuke, and some students that I'm going to conjure.]

{\*\*AUTHORS CORNER\*\*: THIS CHAPTER IS SUPER LONG I'M NOT SORRY. I just have a lot of things to explain and then a lot of foreshadowing to do and then I finished reading the Haikyuu manga and gosh I honestly can't wait to write my own Summer Training Arc okay I'm really happy. I have a couple things to address though! But first, thank you for following and for the favorites! Please comment, it really does inspire me to get chapters out sooner.}

(\*\*RIN'S DOG\*\* - Rin's dog was bought by her brother shortly after her "accident". I named the dog Kougami because "Kou" stands for "merge" and "gami" was for "bite." The merge is for her and volleyball, and the bite is because - well - Rin is all bark and

bite. Also, Ko is a Kai Inu which really looks like a wolf to me and since Haikyuu! is all about referencing animals, can you guess what I imagine when I think of Rin?)

(\*\*RIN'S OLD TEAM\*\* - Okamiyasha roughly, and I mean \_very roughly\_, translates to "Demon Wolf". More will be mentioned on her old team as the story progresses.)

(\*\*FF USER BERGLIOT\*\* - HI YES I JUST REALIZED I FOLLOW YOU ON TUMBLR AND I READ UR STORY AND I'VE NEVER HAD ANYONE DRAW MY OC BEFORE SO I WOULD BE VERY FLATTERED. ALSO THAT YOU FOR COMMENTING.)

(\*\*TUMBLR\*\* - if you're on tumblr feel free to follow me as well. My personal tumblr is \_\*\*atlaswhy\*\*\_ and my strictly anime tumblr is \_\*\*juujisho\*\*\_.)

#### 4. Questions

\*\*CHAPTER THREE: QUESTIONS  
><strong>

\* \* \*

><p><em>"One man can be a crucial ingredient on a team, but one man cannot make a team."<em>

\* \* \*

><p>"Gather around."<p>

Rin sat "indian"-style on the bench, watching as her grandfather spoke with the team. She had formally met everyone at the beginning of practice a couple of days ago. The 3rd years didn't seem to care much about anything but one did show a particular interest in her that made her \_slightly\_ uncomfortable. Yamada Saruhiko was about Kuroo's height, with messy brown hair and ears that stuck out beyond belief - only adding to the humor in his name. When she shook his hand he held onto it a couple second longer than the others had, and he watched her closer than even Kenma did. He often came to her fist when he wanted water, and stood close to her when the team took a break. Needless to say, she wasn't exactly excited that someone she would see regularly made her uncomfortable with just his stare.

Though, a part of Rin thought she was just overreacting, considering meeting new people wasn't exactly her forte.

Speaking of people, no one was bothering her during class - well, no one besides the tall Volleyball Captain. Rin was glad, that no females or males approached her after the first day, and she's officially been at Nekoma for 4 days now. She had arrived to class early every day, and when she arrived at school she couldn't say she was too surprised with Kuroo leaning against her desk, usually flipping through his phone. He had pestered her for her phone number on her second day, she gave up fairly quickly - apparently Kuroo repeating \_ "Rin-chan" \_ over and over for at least 10 minutes was more than she could take.

After talking to Kenma the first night, they had agreed to take walks

with each other regularly. And Rin found herself actually talking to him, she had to admit - Kenma was a good listener. Rin mentioned Volleyball very little, and the first year was good not to push the subject. She learned that him and Kuroo were childhood friends and that Kuroo was the reason that Kenma even played. When Kenma asked if Rin had any childhood friends she shrugged, telling the younger boy that her brother was the only friend she ever sought out as a child. Though, now that she thought about it, the only other person she still considered a friend was her brothers best friend - who goes Daisuke's rival college.

Rin slumped her shoulders in boredom as she heard Yasufumi continue to congratulate the teams progress, telling them to continue to their good work. It was really nothing Rin was interested in, at least, not up until she heard her name.

"Rin will be working with a few of you separately," Her grandfather explained, sending a closed eyed smile towards the younger Nekomata. Rin scowled in his direction, crossing her arms over her chest - but she made no objection, "Kuroo Tetsurou, Kozume Kenma, Yaku Morisuke and Yamamoto Taketora will start training separately tomorrow."

Rin sighed, happy that Saurhiko's name wasn't thrown in there. But just as she thought that, the boys voice met her ears.

"Why are they getting special training?"

Rin glanced over towards the group. From what she's seen, the rest of the team seemed to steer clear of Saurhiko - he was a good player. Not exceptional, but he was a good Wing Spiker. But he tended to snap fairly quickly at the others, often times spitting words of discouragement towards his own teammates.

"I believe Rin can help bring out their full potential," her grandfather explained aloofly, "They're second and first years, so I'll be seeing them next year - unlike you third years. Rin's knowledge on Volleyball exceeds what some managers may know, I believe she can help them."

Rin turned away, hiding her face behind her short hair. She turned her phone in her hand and began to play with the small wolf charm - ignoring everything her grandfather began to say after that little announcement. She wasn't mad that she was, once again, being forced to do something. She had told her grandfather that she would try to get use to being on the sidelines. And she told Kenma that she would try to help Nekoma reach the top once more, she told them she would help him enjoy Volleyball as much as she could.

It wasn't all for them though, she had her selfish reasons to want to be there as well.

Rin missed the feel of being on the court, she missed everything about the sport and even though she couldn't play she was trying to learn to be happy just being there. So, for her own selfish reasons, she didn't push away.

Rin looked up to see the team begin to clean the gym, she sighed and stood - going to help the boys. She tossed a few of the Volleyballs into the large rolling cart and pushed it around so the others didn't have to walk across the gym, she sighed when someone stepped in front

of it and stopped her from moving any further.

"So, do you play Volleyball?"

Rin rubbed the back of her neck, looking away from Saurhiko,  
"No."

"Then how come you're gonna be their ... tutor?"

Rin left her hand at her neck and avoided eye contact, he was definitely pushy. Not even Kuroo had asked about her past with Volleyball, and in her short days of knowing him he was one to talk - a lot.

"Uhm, excuse me?"

Rin turned her head back around to see Kenma shyly looking at her from behind Saurhiko.

The 3rd year didn't look happy and he set his hands on his hips, looking down at the first year as if he committed a crime, "Oi, can't you see we're talking - ?"

"It's fine," Rin rushed out, her voice raising a little as her temper began to rise. Sure, she was awkward when it came to people but that didn't change the fact that her temper was still as short as ever. It was a trait her and her brother shared and suffered to control. While Daisuke was outgoing and Rin was a bit more of an introvert, the two shared the same passionate anger when they became too involved in anything. Daisuke cried in frustration when he would lose a game and tended to take his anger out on a punching bag her dad had bought when they were kids, while Rin was one to voice her anger, letting her words cut like daggers if she wasn't careful. Over the years the two of them learned to control it, obviously. But there were times when they would snap.

"What is it you needed, Kenma?" Rin asked, moving her eyes from a displeased Saurhiko and over towards the shuffling first year.

"Do you think you could help me empty the water bottles?"

Rin nodded and pushed the cart forward towards Saurhiko, pushing it into his grasp, "Take this for me, will you?"

The 3rd year grunted and Rin walked away with Kenma at her side, her cheeks slightly flushed from her anger. After the two were a safe distance away the female sighed and slumped her shoulders, a frown placing itself on her lips, "Thank you."

"Don't thank me," Kenma muttered, the two walking outside with the bundle of water bottles. Rin blinked when she stepped outside, her eyes landing on Kuroo as he emptied one of the bottles into his mouth.

She sighed.

"I hope you explode drinking all that water."

Kuroo grinned, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, "After sending Kenma to go save you, that's the thanks I get?"

Rin slumped her shoulders and puffed her cheeks out childishly. She turned her head away and grumbled out a 'thank you'.

Kuroo grinned in her direction before pulling the basket of water bottles from her grasp and dumping them, Rin and Kenma were quick to assist.

"How did you know?"

Kuroo turned his head, Rin was staring at the water bottle in her hands, twisting the cap back onto the now empty cup.

He hummed, lifting his hand and pointing to his neck, "You do this thing where you rub your neck when you're nervous."

Rin looked up, and her hand immediately flinched up but she stopped it, "I do?"

"Kenma noticed it," Kuroo chuckled, "He mentioned it and I noticed it too after a bit - see!"

Rin pulled her hand away from her neck immediately huffed.

"It's cute," Kuroo chuckled, standing and grabbing the bottles.

Rin huffed childishly once more.

\* \* \*

><p><strong> - NEXT DAY -<br>\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"Rin-hime, are you going to tell us how you know so much about Volleyball?"<p>

They were in the separate gym, away from the 3rd years and a few 2nd years. Her grandfather was beside himself the whole day and all last night, pissing himself with excitement that Rin hadn't declined the offer to help out a few of the other players. He had gone as far as calling her brother, to which her brother then Skype called her with tears of excitement in his eyes. Honestly, she was a little irked with the two of them at the moment.

But she was going to take this seriously, after all, she was a Nekomata.

Today she had decided to bring a pair of black running shorts, underneath the shorts she wore black athletic pants that ended just below her knee. She had on a white t-shirt with a cute cartoon of a bear and wolf on the front and, for once since coming to practice, she wore Volleyball shoes instead of Basketball shoes.

"I use to play," Rin answered, rubbing the back of her neck as she turned away. She made and soft 'oomf' sound when something landed on both of her shoulders roughly, she turned her head to the right seeing Kuroo there - looking nonchalant about his arm being draped over her shoulders.

She frowned and expected him to make another comment, pestering her about why she lied to him about playing Volleyball and why she no longer plays. But no such comment came, instead he looked at the other players with a bored expression plastered on his face, "Are we going to talk about Rin all day or are we going to practice?"

She wanted to thank him, really, for not asking anything like most people would - or did. But it also bothered her, for someone who talked as much as he did - why didn't he ask questions?

"A-Ah," Rin agreed, her brows furrowing as she shook his arm off of her. He grinned, sending her a wink as he walked towards the Volleyball net. Rin turned her attention to Kenma, "Can you toss the ball?"

The first year nodded and went to go retrieve a ball, allowing Rin to turn her attention to the others, "Kur -"

"Oi when are you going to call me by my first name," Kuroo groaned, throwing his head back, "I've told you already!"

Rin scowled at him, "Tetsurou. Will you please spike the ball as hard as you can? Taketora, I want you to block his shots, Morisuke, I want you to stop any missed balls from touching the ground."

"But Kuroo is the middle blocker," Taketora tilted his head, pointing between himself and Kuroo, "And I'm a wing spiker."

Rin shrugged her shoulders, the sentence slipping past her lips before she even really thought about it, "I was technically a middle blocker when I played, but when needed I could be subbed in as a wing spiker. I could be both positions, and that helped with my team."

"Rin-hime so cool," Taketora cried, bringing his fists up close to his face as stars practically danced in his eyes, "Our manager is so cool!"

Rin scowled, "Taketora if you keep this up I'll have Jii-chan replace you and someone else will come and take your place."

"S-Sorry!"

Rin rubbed her temples, aggravated at herself for letting herself slip up and talk about Volleyball, "The point is, the more versatile you are, the better you'll work together. You won't become reliant on one person."

"I never thought about it that way," Taketora tilted his head before jumping into the air, rushing towards the net, "Let's do this!"

Rin slumped her shoulders and let out a small sigh, she heard a light laugh to her right and she turned towards Kenma with a frown, "Don't laugh."

Kenma offered her a small smile, shifting the Volleyball in his hands, "That's the most I've ever heard you talk about your past with Volleyball."

Rin let out a small squeak of embarrassment and turned, rubbing the

back of her neck with one hand and pointing towards the court with the other, "Just go toss the ball to Ku - Tetsurou."

Getting over her initial embarrassment, Rin watched with her arms crossed over her chest as the boys did as she asked. She watched silently, not saying a single thing. Not even when she noticed Taketora make a mistake or even Morisuke miss a ball. All she did was watch, only telling them to repeat what they did without correcting any of their actions. Her eyes scanned over them and she brought a hand to her face - lightly tapping her index finger against her bottle lip. It went on like this for about twenty minutes, her watching and the others just repeating whatever they did.

Her eyes followed Kuroo for a moment, traveling up and down as she took in his form. He impressed her, he wasn't a power player but a smart player. She always hated those players, they caused the most trouble for her back when she was in Okamiyasha.

Rin brows knitted together as an idea slipped into her mind.

"Okay," Rin slapped her hands together, "You can stop now."

A light sweat had collected on each of the boys foreheads and Rin pointed to the water at her side, silently telling them to get a drink. As they walked over Rin began to speak, grabbing a lone Volleyball on the floor and twirling it in her hands, "You're not very good independently, I can tell you that much."

"Oi, can't you say it a little nicer?" Kuroo groaned, wiping the sweat off of his forehead.

Rin shrugged, taking a seat on the bench in between Morisuke and Kenma. The other two players stood in front of her, but Rin kept her eyes locked on the Captain as she spoke, "That was me saying it nicely, you'll do well when you work together but you can do better once you've strengthened up some individual talents. For example, when Taketora blocks he doesn't do it the way you do. The right way."

Rin set the Volleyball on her lap and lifted her hands into the air, curving them as you would when blocking a spike. Her eyes traveled over to Taketora who was looking at her with wide eyes and a faint blush, his mouth set in an '\*\*o\*\*', "The point is to not just block them from spiking down, it's to stop the ball from even going over the net and -"

"Ah! Our manager is so cool!" Taketora interrupted, throwing his hands into the air with excitement, both Kuroo and Rin twitched.

"Yamamoto!"

"Taketora!"

\* \* \*

><p>Rin sighed and leaned against the wall of the gym as she waited. Her grandfather was in the office and said he would be in there for at least twenty minutes, but she wasn't really in the mood to twirl around in an office chair while he walked to other coaches - mostly

likely about meeting up for sake and whatever else old men like him did. Rin opted for staying outside and "<em>enjoying the evening breeze</em>" - as she had put it.

"Figured you would have been home by now."

Rin tilted her head towards the voice, shrugging her shoulders lightly, "Jii-chan is on the phone, I'm waiting for him to finish up."

Kuroo walked over, leaning beside her against the wall. He wasn't close enough for their arms to brush, but he was close enough for her to feel heat radiating off of his body. She tilted her head up slightly to look at him for a moment, her question passed through her lips before she even thought about it.

Really, that was such a bad habit of hers.

"Why don't you ever ask about me playing Volleyball? Taketora and Saruhiko do, but you haven't."

Kuroo looked down at Rin, her brows were scrunched up in confusion and her eyes were glazed with curiosity. Even in the fading light, her eyes still shined a bright gold color.

Her hand subconsciously reached up to rub her neck and she looked away when he didn't answer, a small frown on her lips.

"I figured," Kuroo spoke up after a minute of silence, causing Rin to look back at the black haired teen. His voice was calm, but held a serious undertone she wasn't exactly use to when it came to him, "That if you had to lie about it, it wasn't something you liked to talk about. I'm not going to push you out of my own curiosity."

Rin's cheeks tinted pink and she turned her head away to hide the blush, not expecting that answer, "Oh. I - uh - "

"\_Hoh\_~," Kuroo bent over slightly, attempting to get a better look at Rin's face. A teasing smile pulling at his lips once he noticed her cheeks were tinted pink, "Did I embarrass you?"

"Shut up!" Rin huffed, puffing out her cheeks, "It's just - It's just everyone always just \_asks\_."

"Well," Kuroo shrugged his shoulders, "I'm not everyone. I'm your friend, right, Rin-chan?"

Rin crossed her arms over her chest, her cheeks still flushed pink.

"Anyway," Kuroo sighed, shooting Rin a smile as he pushed himself away from the wall, "I figured you'd tell me whenever you're comfortable. I'll see you tomorrow, though, Rin-chan! We have to plan what we're doing over the weekend!"

Rin blinked, still focused on the first sentence he had said. It wasn't very often that people took her emotions into account. When she mentioned she previously played but no longer did, people seemed to ask "why" before it even registered to them that it might be

uncomfortable for her to answer. It was human nature to want to know why. She just wished some people would realize that if she wanted to tell them, she would. Honestly, the first sentence Kuroo said meant more to her than he probably realized.

But after a couple long seconds of thinking, the rest of the sentence seemed to register in her mind.

"O-Oi! What do you mean what we're doing over the weekend?!"

\* \* \*

><p>[<strong>DISCLAIMER<strong>: I do not own Haikyuu! or any recognizable characters. The only characters I take claim over are Rin, Daisuke, and some students that I'm going to conjure.]

{ \*\*AUTHORS CORNER\*\*: I'm suppose to be updating my other story but \*\*Bergliot\*\* keeps drawing Rin on her tumblr and now all I want to do is update this story. I also started rewatching the KarasunoNekoma match and I have a lot of feelings about the Tokyo Summer Training Arc in the manga and I just have a lot of Haikyuu! feelings right now. tbh I'm super duper excited about writing my own Toyko summer training Arc solely because of Bokuto because I can't wait for Rin and Bokuto to meet because \*\*BOKUTO\*\*. Anyways, this is dedicated \*\*Bergliot\*\*(for bringing my OC to life in her comics it seriously had me smiling all day)! And also \*\*ravensandrats\*\*(for your comment because it made me so happy to know you love Rin). Thank you all for commenting, following and favoriting! IT'S 3:30 AM I'M SORRY IF THERE'S TYPO'S PLEASE LET ME KNOW AND I'LL FIX 'EM.}

(\*\*EXTRA NOTE\*\*: So, for my other story I put head canon's at the end of every chapter and that seemed to really go well with the followers of the story so I'm going to start doing that for this story as well.)

(\*\*EXTRA EXTRA NOTE\*\*: CHECK OUT \*\*bergliot-manner\*\* \_ON TUMBLR TO SEE RIN COMICS AND COMICS OF BEAUTIFUL OC'S AND JUST AMAZING. ALSO, the Saru in Saruhiko means monkey.)

[ [\*\*HEAD CANON ONE\*\*: When Rin was 6 she had a crush on Ukai Keishin, after seeing him at a game between Karasuno and Nekoma. (â–;â€;â–;âœ;) ] ]

## 5. He Remembered

\*\*CHAPTER FOUR: HE REMEMBERED  
><strong>

\* \* \*

><p><em>"A champion is someone who gets up when he can't."<em>

\* \* \*

><p>"So, how was your first official school week at Nekoma?"<p>

Rin looked up from her phone to glance at her computer screen, her bother was looking at her with a lazy and tired grin. His brown hair

was tousled and messy, a few strands landing in between his eyes. He had the same sharp and pointed facial features she had, giving him an all too handsome look. His eyes, much like her fathers, were a daring icy blue. From the position of his camera she could see that he was bigger than the last time she had seen him in person - which was roughly only 3 months ago. His shoulders were broader, and she could only assume he grew a couple inches as well.

"It was okay," Rin shrugged, glancing at her phone again when she heard it ding.

"Is that the Captain?" Her brother asked, leaning forward slightly and wiggling his eyebrows, "Saaa, you're getting close. You haven't had a close friend since -"

"I'll end the chat right now if you continue to talk," Rin answered in a sing-song voice, looking at the text. Kuroo was planning out their weekend, he had told her and him and Kenma were going to "kidnap" her on Saturday and no matter how many times she asked, he wouldn't tell her where they were going. She even texted Kenma, swearing she would still act surprised no matter where they went. But not even he budged, "But yes, it's him - \*\*and\*\* another friend."

"Saaaa~, " Her brother grinned childishly, bringing his palms to his cheeks, "You said friend!"

Rin scowled at the screen, causing her brother to snicker as he spoke once more. His tone was still light but his words carried a seriousness that caused her to sigh, "I really am happy you're making friends. As much as you don't want to hear it, I'm going to say it. After the accident during the Championship game you pushed everyone away, even your own teammates. Even... Well, you know who. I know you feel bad about it because we never did find out where he moved."

Rin frowned, her shoulders slumping forward. She appreciated that her brother avoided saying names, it would only increase her guilt, "I know, I know."

"It's good that you're making friends," Her brother offered her another smile, "It genuinely makes me happy."

Rin covered her face with her hands, her words muffled, "How can you say that with such a straight face, it's so embarrassing!"

"No one's listening to me say it!" Her brother snickered, "Besides, it's not embarrassing to speak the truth."

"You find a way to make it embarrassing," Rin groaned, removing her hands, "Besides, you act like I've never had a friend."

Daisuke shrugged his shoulders , "I know you have, but the point is that it was past tense. I want you to have friends now, since I'm not there someone has to keep that smile on your face."

Rin lightly tugged down the skin under one of her eyes and stuck out her tongue "You're so serious, lighten up."

Her brother laughed, his nose scrunching, "Ah, sorry, sorry. I'm just tired, practice kicked the hell out of me this week."

"Are you starting?" Rin asked, perking up slightly.

Daisuke rubbed his eyes and hummed, "Yeah, starting Center for the Brown, Brown Bears. Aren't you proud?"

"Of course, I can't go around telling people my brother sits on the bench," Rin teased, "But, I'll let you get some rest, Dai-nii."

Her brother gave a single wave towards the camera, "I'll see you in a couple of weeks, we'll talk soon."

"Bye bye," Rin waved, clicking the end call button on her computer. She flopped back into bed, her head resting on Ko's stomach as she brought her phone up to her face. Her fingers pressed up against the touch screen as she replied to Kuroo's text, she was typing out her address so he could come by and get her in the morning with Kenma. Rin tossed her phone aside and sat up, stretching her arms above her head as she glanced around her room.

Her room was fairly simple in design. Pictures scattered her entire wall, they were the only thing that really added flare to her room. Besides the pictures, her room was plain. She had no band or movie posters, her sheets were a plain black and her the walls were painted a simple steel grey. She didn't even have a t.v. in her room. Rin tilted her head, her eyes scanning the set of photos she kept by her bed. The three photos were hung and framed unlike the rest that were taped to her wall.

These photos were her favorites.

The first was a picture of her brother and her as children. She had her cheek squished up against his, large grins spread across both of their faces. Daisuke was about 11 in the picture, and since he was 6 years older that made Rin about 5. The two had chocolate smeared all over both of their faces, teeth, clothes and hair.

The second picture was of her and her father. He was grinning ear to ear and not looking straight at the camera, his eyes were focused down towards a younger Rin. In the picture, she held a small trophy in her hands - her cheeks and eyes were red. She had forced a smile onto her face, but the redness on her face was enough to make it obvious that she was crying. It was the first match she ever lost with her team, and she was a sore loser about the whole thing.

The last picture was of Rin and an old friend and teammate, their arms slung around each other shoulders. The two were covered in sweat and were clad in their black and brown jersey, large smiles on their faces. Their heads were tilted in together and they both tried to add "bunny" ears to the top of each others heads.

They were Rin's favorite pictures, out of all the random pictures she had on her wall. Raging from Daisuke's graduation, to Rin first getting Ko, to even her fathers promotion party. She adored all the pictures on her wall and, as she looked around, it made her realize that it's been a while since she's taken any.

Rin sighed and grabbed her phone and checked her messages, one from Kenma that read that him and Kuroo would be at her house around 11 in the morning. And the second was from Kuroo, telling her to be

comfortable because they would be at the whole day. Tossing her phone on the bed once more Rin stood up and walked over to her closet, she pulled on a pair of black skinny jeans and tossed them onto her night stand. She began to fumble through her shirts, mumbling a 'what to wear'. She plucked a bright green tank top from her closet, it had thick straps and was loose around her body when she put it on. It always floated nicely when she wore it, and it would be good to wear since the week had been warm. Rin set the shirt down her with the pants and looked back at Ko, who was staring at her with a tilted head. She gave the dog a thumbs up, "I pulled an outfit together quickly. Aren't you proud of me, Ko?"

The dog wagged it's tail, his tongue rolling out of his mouth goofily causing Rin to roll her eyes. She rubbed her eyes and yawned, "Well, I should get to bed. Who knows what those two have planned. Maybe I should make myself coffee in the morning?"

Rin slid into bed, Ko snuggling closer to her after she switched off her lap. She slung her arm over the dog's body lazily and drifted.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>BEEP <strong>\_\*\_\*BEEP\*\*\_\*\_. \*\*\_

\*\*BEEP\*\*\_\*\_\* BEEP.\*\_\*

Rin groaned, blindly reaching for her phone as it rung. Her hand smashed against her night stand and she cringed, opening her eyes a little so she could grasp onto the flashing and beeping phone. She clicked the answer button without even looking at the name.\_

><em>

"\_What\_?"

"Morning, Rin-chan!"

Rin groaned and rolled over, she began to realize that Kuroo only added the -chan to her name when he was either a) being annoying or b) up to no good. She wasn't really in the mood to figure out which one it was right now. Rin rubbed her eyes roughly, blinking them open and pulling her phone away from her ear to glance at the time.

\*\*9:27 AM\*\*

Rin placed the phone on her ear again, turning over into her pillow. Her voice was slightly muffled as she spoke, "Why are you so perky in the morning?"

She heard him laugh, "I'm in a good mood because I get to see you today, so why don't you wake up?"

Rin groaned, stuffing her face further into the pillow, "Why do you say such embarrassing things?"

"Because your face gets red," Kuroo teased, "Now get up, I'm walking to Kenma's house soon and then we're going to your house straight after. Get ready! See you soon!"

Rin sighed and dropped her hand, hitting the end call button while she sat up. She yawned and stood up to stretch her limbs. Ko followed her off the bed and she drug her feet through the house, opening the backyard door to let the dog out before she headed towards the bathroom. Rin brushed her hair, and straightened it lightly - only getting the annoying baby hairs that seemed to stick out in front of her eyes. She changed into the black pants and tank top and slipped on a pair of black converse. Rin walked towards the kitchen, scratching the back of her head lazily.

"Morning, Rin."

Rin plopped down beside her grandfather tiredly, he chuckled and slid a cup of coffee in front of her - immediately causing the girl to perk up. She reached for the sugar, practically dumping half of the container into her coffee. Yasufumi chuckled, "Your sweet tooth is just as bad as your fathers was."

Rin shrugged, adding creamer, "I don't like the bitter taste, it tastes a lot better when it's really sweet."

"I think that's one of the few things that you and Daisuke don't have in common," her grandfather chuckled, "He prefers bitter while you detest it."

Rin made a face, "Daisuke is an oddball, that's why."

"Are you going out?" Her grandfather asked, realizing that Rin wasn't slumped over in her PJ's like she usually was on Saturday.

The hummed, sipping the hot coffee before she responded, "Kenma and Tetsurou are taking me... somewhere. They won't tell me where yet."

Her grandfather smiled genuinely, "I'm glad. Have fun - Oh! Did you need any money?"

Rin shook her head, swirling her spoon in her coffee, "I still have some of my own money from my last birthday, no worries Jii-chan."

Her grandfather stood up and patted her head, walking towards his room, "Well, I'll be going out tonight -"

"You go out and drink sake more than Daisuke does," Rin rolled her eyes, grabbing her cup and walking towards the sink, "Seriously, should a man your age really be drinking so much?"

Her grandfather chuckled, "I'm fine, I'm fine. Go have fun today, don't be out too late!"

"I know, I know," Rin called over her shoulder as she cleaned the cup, "I'll be home by the time you do, plus it's not like you don't know who I'm going with. If I don't come back just blame Tetsurou and Kenma."

Rin wiped her hands on the towel beside the sink and walked towards her room, grabbing her phone and sticking the money in between the phone and the phone case. She was much too lazy to hold onto a purse and a wallet was too bulky for her pants. She lifted her head when

she heard rapid knocking on the front door, causing Ko to begin barking like mad from the backyard.

"I heard you, I heard you!" Rin called, walking towards the back door. She slid the screen open and let the dog run in, a mass of black fur pushing past her quickly. She rolled her eyes and made her way towards the front door, running a hand through her hair as she did so.

Kuroo had a wide grin plastered on his face when Rin peaked the door open, Kenma shifting at his side quietly like he usually did. Rin was holding onto Ko's collar with hand while holding onto the door with the other, she sighed and called over her shoulder, "I'm going now, Jii-chan! Make sure to put Kougami back outside before you leave!"

Her grandfather called back and agreement and Rin slipped out the door, slamming it shut so the wolf-like dog wouldn't chase after her. She sighed, turning around to face the two, she offered them a sheepish smile, "Sorry about that, Ko gets excited when he hears someone knock on the door. He always seems to think it's Daisuke."

Kuroo grinned and threw his arm over her shoulder, dragging her down her driveway, "Don't worry about it! Besides, I didn't know you lived so close to Kenma and I?"

"Huh?" Rin tilted her head in confusion, before it clicked, "Oh yeah, you and Kenma are practically neighbors, right? I almost forgot about that."

"Oh~," Kuroo grinned, looking between Kenma and Rin, "So, you two have been talking about me?"

"Hardly," Kenma muttered, plucking his phone from his pocket.

Rin resisted the urge to laugh, a small smile tugged at her lips and she shook her head as she pulled away from Kuroo, "Anyway, where are we even going?"

Kuroo leaned forward slightly, taking in Rin's appearance. She raised her eyebrows in question, causing him to give her a closed eye smile, "I was expecting something girly-er. But I forgot that even at school you wear the boys pants."

Rin shrugged her shoulders, "If you were expecting me to wear a skirt, don't hold your breath."

Kuroo grinned, "We're going to take the train. You said you've never been to the Aquarium in Tokyo, right?"

Rin tilted her head, "I mentioned it once, yeah."

"Well," Kuroo grinned, pointing to himself proudly, "I remembered, so that's where we're going."

Rin blinked at him a couple of times before turning to look at Kenma, "Did he really remember, or did you tell him again?"

Kenma's lips twitched slightly and Kuroo whined in the background.

The younger teen shook his head, "No, he remembered on his own."

Rin turned to look at the Captain who was standing proud again, a small smile on his face. Her lips twitched upward and she could feel her cheeks warm up, she chuckled and placed her hands behind her back. The three walked the distance towards the train station in a mostly comfortable silence. Kuroo speaking up a couple of times to tease Rin and Rin purposely ignoring him to ask Kenma about a video game. Once the three arrive and were finally settled in the train Rin frowned, hating having her legs feel so scrunched up.

"You mention Daisuke a lot," Kuroo stated, tilting his head at her. She was seated in between the two boys, Kuroo to her right and Kenma to her left, "But I feel like I still don't know anything about him except that he plays Basketball in America."

Rin shrugged, a small smile on her face, "Well, Daisuke goes to Brown University. He says he plays Basketball for fun, but I think he can make a career out of it if he really tried. He's really good."

Kuroo hummed, "He must be tall then?"

Rin nodded, "Last time I saw him he was 198cm, but I wouldn't doubt it if he got taller. When I talk to him on skype he always seems to get bulkier, it's no wonder no one bullied me as a kid."

Kuroo snickered, tilting his head up, "You two got along really well, huh?"

Rin nodded, hunching forward slightly as she looked at Kuroo, "We do. We've always been close, it feels like it's always been just ... us."

Kuroo looked at Rin from the corner of his eyes, and Rin could tell he wanted to ask more but he remained quiet. She chuckled softly, looking towards the floor, "For being so talkative you sure do get quiet when you're unsure on a subject."

Kuroo shrugged his shoulders lazily.

"You can ask," Rin rubbed the back of her neck, "About my parents, I mean."

Kuroo hesitated, and Rin noticed that he lips twitched down slightly. It was odd, really, just seeing the almost-frown made her want to frown herself. She was so used to seeing the black-haired teen with a smile on his face - whether genuine or sarcastic, it was just always there. She sighed, "It's odd, really. How much trouble I have talking about Volleyball. But when it comes to my parents... it's easy."

"You don't have to tell me," Kuroo shrugged, "Besides, Kenma and I are here as your friends - not to interview you. Right, Kenma?"

The boy nodded, not looking away from his phone as he hummed an agreement. Rin chuckled and leaned back into the seat, slumping down a little, as she thought about what Kuroo said.

\_Friends?\_

\* \* \*

><p>Rin felt like a child, she knew her eyes were as bright as the younger children around her and she had a grin on her face so wide that her cheeks would no doubt hurt later on, "This is <em>amazing</em>."

"We're not even inside yet," Kuroo laughed, patting the top of her head childishly. She swatted his hand away and continued to look around the outside of the building. It was huge and she couldn't wait to get inside to see, she was so distracted that she didn't even know Kuroo had bought his and her ticket until it was too late. The raven haired girl frowned when the piece of paper was shoved in her face, "Here."

"Wait let me -," Rin shook her head, pushing his hand away from her face so she could grab money. Kuroo hands quickly reached for her wrist, stopping her from reaching into her pocket. She looked up at him with a frown, but he was smiling at her as he, once again, shoved the ticket towards her.

"My treat," He shrugged once she finally took the ticket. Rin opened her mouth to object but Kenma spoke up before she could.

"He rarely pays for anything," Kenma told her, offering a smile.

Rin sighed, a smile slipping on her lips as he excitement took over, "Well, I don't want to stand outside the whole time - let's go."

Getting into the aquarium took a little longer than she would have liked, and since it was a weekend it was full of people - both young and old.

But when she finally received her wristband she grinned and rushed in, quickly becoming enveloped in darkness. The lights from the fish tanks had her wide-eyed and for a moment she completely forgot she was there with Kuroo and Kenma. Rin walked towards the first tank, gingerly placing her fingers on the glass as she peered inside.

"You're a lot more childish than I thought."

Rin jumped, looking to see Kenma staring at her. She huffed and look towards the tank again, tilting her head as her eyes followed the small fluorescent fish, "It's just, well, I never really got to do much of this when I was younger. My dad was a police officer so he was always working, and when he wasn't working he was helping Daisuke or me with sports. We never really went anywhere - I know I said I've never been to the Tokyo Aquarium. But the truth is I've never been to one at all."

"Well, then I'm glad we decided to bring you here."

Rin turned and smiled at Kuroo, "Ah, me too."

Rin took her time walking around, genuinely amazed and excited about everything. She had pulled out her cell phone to take pictures, asking Kenma to take pictures of her with certain exhibits. She asked Kuroo the first time, but the Captain decided to take pictures of

himself instead of taking any of her. (Needless to say, she wasn't excited when she looked and only saw close-ups of his face.) So when she handed off her phone to Kenma, Kuroo decided to force himself into a couple of her pictures, holding her in place with both of his arms or just by hugging her shoulders tightly.

Her flustered face in the pictures was enough to get Kenma to crack a smile.

She was wide-eyed when it came to everything, and she was sure that Kuroo and Kenma both thought she was being ridiculous - but then again, they did bring her here. She looked over her shoulder, the two of them were standing a bit away as they looked at another tank, Kenma was scolding Kuroo as the taller male tapped against the glass. She shook her head and made her way towards them.

"We're getting close to the end," Kuroo stated once he noticed her step beside him.

"I want to see the big tank," Rin answered, bringing a finger to her lips as she furrowed her brows, "Is that at the end?"

Kuroo nodded.

"How long have we been here?" Rin asked as they made their way towards the tunnel tank. The dome-like structure immediately causing Rin's mouth to part in delight.

"Four hours."

Rin nodded absentmindedly and walked slowly, her eyes wide as she watched a small nurse shark swim above her. She heard Kuroo laugh, but he didn't bother to tease her this time around - she seemed to be enjoying herself far too much.

By the time the trio reached the large tank, Rin looked as if she were about to burst into tears. A pair of whale sharks were swimming in front of the large open space of tank and Rin didn't hesitate to take a picture. But after two quick photo's her phone was plucked from her hand, a small whining noise escaping from her. Kuroo turned away from her quickly and Rin looked at him oddly as he spoke to an older male and female, pointing to the phone and then over his shoulder at the tank. The male he spoke to nodded and grasped onto Rin's phone, confusing her even further. She squeaked when Kuroo dragged her to him by her shoulder, grabbing Kenma with his other hand.

"Get ready for a picture," Kuroo grinned and Rin blinked.

She was shoved against his right side, while Kenma rested to his left - Kuroo's arm around Rin's shoulder while his other arm rested on top of Kenma's head. She heard the man with her phone begin to count and she turned, a large smile making its way into her face. The flash blinded her for a moment but Rin was far too happy to even care that she might have blinked.

Kuroo was right. They were definitely friends.

\* \* \*

><p>[<strong>DISCLAIMER<strong>: I do not own \_Haikyuu!\_ or any recognizable characters. The only characters I take claim over are Rin, Daisuke, Saruhiko and some students that I'm going to conjure.]

{ \*\*AUTHORS CORNER\*\*: I feel like this chapter sounds really filler-y but I swear it's not. I want to build her friendship with Kuroo and Kenma, considering I keep saying she's bad with people and I do mention that she has pushed people away from her. So, friendship is something that doesn't come easy to my dear OC. But, as you just read - she's calling them her friends. And, for the record, I know nothing about Aquariums in Japan and I'm pretty sure the one I'm thinking about is in Okinawa and not Tokyo but bear with me.

Also, keeping up with the animal theme that goes with the anime/manga - Daisuke goes to Brown. Which, like I said, is the Brown Bears. CAN YOU GUESS WHERE I'M GOING WITH THIS?

Anyways, thank you for reading! Also, thank you to those who take the time to comment after they read! It really does make me suPER happy to get the email/notification that someone commented/followed/favorited the story. It's 2AM, I read this three times but let me know if I messed up. OTL}

(\*\*FF USER - Savage Kill\*\* - To answer your question, yes. I do\_ plan to show Rin's temper, just not yet.)

(\*\*HEAD CANON TWO\*\*: Rin has shown her openly goofy side with only 2 people.)

## 6. Old Wounds

\*\*CHAPTER FIVE: OLD WOUNDS  
><strong>

\* \* \*

><p><em>"Do you know what my favorite part of the game is? The opportunity to play."<em>

\* \* \*

><p><em>"That's not fair!"<em>

\_ "What do you mean it's not fair!? I scored! You really going to try and fight me on this!?"\_

\_ "But Riii~!"\_

\_ "Don't 'but Ri' me. Let's start up again!"\_

\_ Rin turned towards her teammates, cocking her hip to the side, "Alright, let's continue."\_

\_ "Is a 3 on 3 really a good idea?" Her setter asked. The tall female cocked her hip to the side, looking Rin in the eyes with a bored expression on her face, "Especially with the two of you against each other? You know how he gets when he loses."\_

\_ "Oi! We have a chance at winning!"\_

\_ "Yeah but the Captain is just as bad when she loses," Another silvery voiced chimed, Rin drug her eyes over to the male that spoke and he raised his hands up in mock defense, a signature smirk on his lips, "Don't look so scary, Rin~chan."\_

\_ "Oi, Rin, Mei, Hana! He's getting restless, hurry up!"\_

\_ Rin rolled her eyes, turning and wiping the sweat off of her brow with the back of her hand. The setter, Mei, tossed the ball into the air and Rin watched it closely. The teammates she was going against moved fluidly and quickly, and Rin watched them as they tossed it to the one everyone expected them to. She flexed her abdominal muscles and bent her knees, jumping into the air and raising her hands over the net, stretching her fingers apart. Rin winced when the ball flew past her fingers harshly, slapping against the gym floor with a loud splat. A loud 'tch' left Rin's lips and she shook her hands off.\_

\_ "Hey hey heeyy!"\_

\_ "Shut up!" Rin snapped, huffing and grabbing the ball.\_

\_ "Oh~ Ri is getting serious!" The player that just scored commented, sticking his tongue out at her mockingly. She narrowed her eyes at him, a snarl forming on her lips. She heard the rest of her team mates sigh and mutter 'those two', but she ignored them and stomped over into position - it was her serve this time.\_

\_ "Shut up, get ready."\_

\_ Rin held the ball out in front of her, a cocky grin making it's way onto her face, she winked at the teammate who was playfully mocking her moments ago.\_

\_ "Nice serve, Nekomata!"\_

\_ "Don't mind, Rin~chan!"\_

\_ Rin threw the ball into the air and she was quick to join it, running towards it like a bullet. She arched her back and bend her knees as she jumped, her hand slapped against the ball and she could feel the familiar burn in her palm. She grinned when she saw two of the "opposing" players dive for the ball. But it spun fast and landed hard.\_

\_ "There's our Captain!"\_

\_ Rin gave Hana a toothy grin, causing him to roll his eyes and ruffle her hair playfully.\_

\_ "He's sulking again!"\_

\_ Rin looked towards the opposite side of the net and sighed at the sight of her teammate, he was hunched over himself with his arms hanging at his side and his chin tucked into his chest,. Rin walked over slowly, ducking under the net and harshly bumping the sulking teammate in the back of his head. He stumbled forward, turning to look at her with both a glare and a pout. She grinned and him and

tilted her head, jutting her thumb towards her chest, "You should be happy, that two power houses like us are on the same team. You'd never survive going up against me!"

"Oi, oi!" The setter growled, stomping her feet childishly, "Don't forget about the rest of us!"

Rin grinned again, rubbing under her nose to hide the even wider grin that spread on her lips, "You know what I mean, Mei!"

"Yeah, Mei-san," the teams libero yawned, setting a hand over his mouth lazily, "Even an all-star team has to have an ace. We just happen to have two."

"Usu!"

Rin jumped when her previously sulking teammate pumped his fists into the air excitedly, "I'm the ace!"

Rin rolled her eyes, patting the boys shoulder, "Yeah, yeah. Stop sulking now, Ace."

The 'ace' slung his arm over Rin's shoulder, matching the wide grin and thumbs up she had just given him, "I'm glad I have you to back me up, Ri!"

"Oi, oi! It's you who's backing me up!"

"No way, Ri! I'm the ace! You just said so!"

"No way! I'm the Captain, you're the one backing me up!"

"But I'm the Ace!"

"Aaaand they're at it again."

\* \* \*

><p>Rin groaned, rubbing her temples in annoyance, "Taketora, that was great. Honestly, the spike was wonderful -" <p>

"Yes - !"

"- But I asked Tetsurou to hit the ball first, not you."

The wing spiker slumped over, bowing his head towards Rin and dragging his feet towards the opposite side of the net.

"Are you okay?"

Rin turned her head to the side, her hand leaving her temples. She frowned, looking away from Kenma, "I didn't sleep well, is all."

"I'm sure coach would've understood if you just went home," Kenma murmured.

Rin made a noise of agreement, rubbing her temples. She didn't lie, she really didn't sleep well. She dreamt of her old team and it just brought back bad vibes that made her want to crawl into bed and never

leave. But she was making progress... right? She wasn't in bed anymore, after a year of homeschooling and avoiding everyone she was up and at school. She was making friends after over a year and a half of distancing herself from everyone. She was reverting back to her old self, the girl she was before the "accident". Daisuke had told her that much after she had skype called him on Sunday. She had showed him the pictures through the computer and babbled on excitedly, and Daisuke seemed genuinely happy as he told her '\_you're talking like you use to'\_.

But, as luck would have it, she couldn't forget about things she still considered problems. They crept up on her when she woke up on Monday, unhappy with the dream she had. To make it all worse, the weather decided to follow her mood - cloudy and rainy. The rain only making her knee's ache, because for some reason bad weather always seems to aggravate old wounds.

So, not old did she currently have a headache from over thinking, her knee's ached and she didn't know if she should lean more on the right or the left. The entire day she cringed as she walked around school with Kuroo and Kenma - they were nice enough and didn't ask what was wrong. Though, Kenma did look at her with mild concern and Kuroo kept talking her head off - which she assumed was in an attempt to distract her.

"Testurou?" Rin spoke up, looking up at the tall male. He was on the court, spinning a ball in his hands as he spoke with Yaku. His head turned towards the female when she spoke up and he nodded slightly, letting her know he heard her, "You think you can take over for today? I - I don't feel so good."

Kuroo chuckled, tossing the ball to Yaku lightly and walking towards Rin. She was seated on the bench, her long legs stretched out in front of her and her palms resting on her knees. Kuroo knelt in front of her, tilting his head to the side as his eyes narrowed in the slightest, "Why don't you tell Coach that I'll walk you home? I want to talk to you."

".Huh?"

He didn't answer her, instead he stood and walked back towards the court as if nothing was said - casually calling out orders to the others. A frown settled itself on Rin's face as she bowed her head, closing her eyes as her palms tightened into fists, her fingers wrapped against the cloth of the sweats she was wearing.

She exhaled through her nose before she let go of the sweats, reaching to grab her phone and sending her grandfather a text. She didn't necessarily feel like walking to the other gym and back so a text would have to do. He always looks when he hears his phone ding anyway, considering it's usually his drinking buddies that text him. After that she sulked in her seat on the bench, snuggling into her new Nekoma jacket. She kept her eyes closed as she waited for Kuroo to finish up with the rest of practice, one of her hands occasionally making it's way to massage her knee's. She was tired, but she couldn't exactly sleep now. The bench wasn't the comfiest of places and she was excited to get home, take her meds and just sleep. She wasn't even thinking about eating, though, she knew that the old man would ask her to cook.

"Ready?"

Rin opened her eyes, tilting her head up to see Kuroo in front of her. He had his sweatpants and jacket on, his bag slung over one shoulder and -

"I can hold my own bag," Rin frowned, standing up. It felt like her knees were encased in ice, she fought to straighten them and then bend them again. She tried to hide the grimace, but she ultimately failed and flinched slightly.

Kuroo shrugged, shoving a black umbrella into her hands, "You can hold the umbrella instead."

"Really I - "

"Let's go."

Rin frowned, her brows furrowing as she silently followed after the Captain. She snapped the umbrella open the moment she was outside, pulling the sleeves of the red Nekoma jacket over her fingers the best she could. She walked closely to Kuroo, their shoulders brushing often as they tried to remain under the umbrella.

"You going to tell me why you wanted to walk me home?" Rin mumbled, looking at her feet as she walked. Kuroo remained quiet for a moment, staring straight ahead of him and down the cement sidewalk. She wasn't exactly fond of this side of the teen, he was quiet and serious and all she wanted was to hear him say something stupid.

"What's wrong with your knees?"

Rin's eyes snapped up but she didn't move her head, she watched him through her peripherals - her eyes narrowing slightly when she noticed that he didn't even look her way when asking. She remained quiet, slowly moving her eyes away from him and back to her shoes.

"Today at school," Kuroo continued, adjusting the bags on his shoulders, "You would lean more on your left leg, and then you would switch back to your right. And during practice you kept massaging, not one, but both your knees."

She wasn't angry at him for asking, she wasn't upset at him at all. He had been good about not asking, but it was understandable that he did now. If she saw him nearly limping she'd probably ask too. Especially now that she considers him her friend. But, just because she wasn't mad didn't mean that it didn't hurt. It also didn't mean that she was going to talk about it, because she wasn't. She wasn't ready, she wasn't in the mood either. The story always made her cry, but not because she was sad. It was because she was angry more than anything.

Angry at herself.

Even angry at Volleyball.

She wasn't going to talk to him about her knees, not today. She wasn't ready, and she hoped that he would understand.

"You know," Rin began, speaking up after a couple moments of silence, "I never met my mother."

Kuroo remained silent but she noticed the twitch of his eyes, watching her as she spoke.

"My dad said that she left soon after I was born," Rin continued, shrugging her shoulders, "I never hated her for it. I can't hate someone I don't know, that doesn't seem right. So, it was just Daisuke, my dad and me growing up. But I wouldn't trade it for anything, you know?"

"That's good," Kuroo stated, his voice was serious. It wasn't soft and pitiful, nor was it stoic or emotionless.

He was just listening.

"My dad," Rin began, a smile tugging at her lips for what felt like the first time that day, "He was a good guy, a real charm. He's a lot like Daisuke - or Daisuke is a lot like him. Goofy and careful, but serious when need be. He made typical dad jokes, he was a really cheesy guy. He was a softy too. It always made me wonder how he could be a cop."

Kuroo had an idea as to where this conversation was going now, pieces of Rin's story were clicking in his mind. Although they weren't the pieces he asked for, he still took in everything his said. Making sure to take note at how she reacted to her own words.

"The beginning of my second year in middle school my dad passed away," Rin's jaw clenched, "I don't know the exact details... Daisuke does, and he said that he'd tell me when I was old enough. All I know is that he died on the job."

Kuroo didn't exactly know what to say, to say "I'm sorry" would sound cliche and he was sure she's had heard that enough of the years. He couldn't exactly empathize with her either, considering both his parents were alive and well.

"I'm not sad," Rin spoke up quickly, tilting her head so she could look Kuroo in the eyes. She offered him a small smile before staring back down at the ground, "My dad was like those guys you see in movies, or read in books. The side kick who's all about justice and in the end dies for it? That was him, and I'm proud of him. I don't hate him, I don't curse him for dying or having a dangerous job or anythin'. I can talk about my dad as openly as possible because I'm happy. My dad was amazing, we rarely fought and he rarely had to scold me for anything. There was no cliche fight before he died, I even hugged him before he went to work. So, talking about him is easy... But when it comes to talking about Volleyball, it's just \*\*not\*\*. Because it's not someone else's fault that I'm not playing Volleyball. It's my own. And I get - I get angry. I just can't talk about it, not yet."

"I'll wait then."

Rin stopped walking, causing Kuroo to step into the rain for a moment. He looked over his shoulder and backtracked, looking at Rin with a raised brow. Her lower lip was trembling and her grip on the

umbrella was tight, her hand softly shaking. Kuroo sighed, lifting the bag high onto his shoulder before draping his arm over Rin's shoulders and forcing her to walk again. He pulled her to his side, his shoulder against the side of his chest and her cheek awfully close to his. He didn't look her way when he noticed a few stray tears slide down her cheeks, and he made no comment when she sniffled the dribbling snot back up her nose. Instead, the two walked silently towards her house. Kuroo only speaking up when they were nearly there.

"You're a pain in my ass, you know that, Rin-chan?"

"...Shut up."

\* \* \*

><p>{<strong>AUTHORS CORNER<strong>: Thank you for the reviews, favorites, and follows! They mean so much! Welp, here's the tid bid of seriousness in the story. Sorry this is shorter than the other chapters! I thought that was a good place to leave off so I cut it from there. \*\*This is suppose to give you an idea on why she's so close to her brother, and also why she likes Kuroo. Because (if it's not obvious now it will be later) her brother and Kuroo have similar tendencies. And Kuroo reminds her of Daisuke, and Daisuke reminds her of her father. So, ultimately, Kuroo reminds her of her father. You feel me on that? ALRIGHT.\*\*

Also! Lil' bit of Rin's past! I [informally] introduced 2 of her teammates [out of 6 total] from Okamiyasha.

Setter: Mei (F)

Wing Spiker: Hana(M), which is short for Hanataro.}

(\*\*HEAD CANON THREE\*\*: Rin snorts when she laughs really hard.)

## 7. Uncomfortable

\*\*CHAPTER SIX: UNCOMFORTABLE  
><strong>

\* \* \*

><p><em>"What do do with a mistake: recognize it, admit it, learn from it, forget it."<em>

\* \* \*

><p>"Practice match?"<p>

Rin leaned her cheek further into her palm, a loud yawn falling from her lips as she vaguely listened. The boys were having their first practice match tomorrow. Rin's training with the boys had been successful the past week and a half, the boys told her that she was a better teacher than what she gave herself credit for. Her relationship with Kuroo and Kenma was building towards a stable and solid friendship, even Yamamoto and Yaku approached her more easily. (Yamamoto flushing and screaming a bit more than everyone liked.) She was civil with the rest of the players, but managed to keep most of

them at arm's length. Especially Saruhiko, who seemed to have an ever-growing attitude. She heard him on more than one occasion yelling at Kenma to hurry up with cleaning - to which she would always just go help the first year boy with what he was doing. She also noticed his subtle glares towards Kuroo, and even Yaku when she spoke with the team's libero. Rin managed to avoid him well, mainly sticking with Kuroo and Kenma. Or even with her grandfather.

Her brother would be visiting next week, and Rin grew more and more excited each day she received a text. She embarrassed herself during lunch with Kenma and Kuroo the other day. Daisuke had sent her a picture of himself with his plane ticket squished against his cheek, Rin had yelled out in excitement and her face immediately flushed - Kuroo was more than amused.

Rin yawned again, rubbing at her eyes as the team did their usual huddle at the end of practice.

She was tired.

After the dream about her old team - and then talking with Kuroo about her parents - Rin had been avoiding sleep like the plague. It was the only thing that she was struggling with at this point, she was doing well in school and with the Volleyball team and even with Daisuke and her grandfather. But when it came time to fall asleep she was worried that she would dream of something she didn't want to. Now, when she finally did fall asleep she usually dreamt of nothing. Still, after a week and a half, she was still worried about everything. Rin was never good at facing her problems. Dealing with problems out of anger? Maybe. But rationally dealing with her problems was always something she remained childish with. She would rather ignore the real problem at hand than deal with it. It was easier that way.

Sometimes.

"Are you still coming over today?"

Rin snapped her eyes open and blinked, "Huh?"

Kenma tugged at his hair softly, "You said you would dye my hair for me... Tora said I stand out, remember?"

Ah, she did. She was walking with Kenma when Yamamoto bumped into them, the first year yelled like no tomorrow about how Kenma should do something with his hair because he stood out. Kenma's face was anything but relaxed after that, and Rin had tried her best to calm both teens down. Ultimately, she grabbed Yamamoto by the back of his neck and forced him to bow and apologize before turning to Kenma and offering to cut his hair. Kenma, not really excited about cutting his hair, decided that bleaching it was what he wanted to do instead. So, Rin offered to go with him after school and dye it for him. It gave them time to hang out without Kuroo.

Rin smiled softly, ruffling her hair, "Mhm, we'll walk to yours when you're done changing."

Kenma nodded and left the gym to go change. Rin rubbed her eyes and pulled out her phone, unlocking it to see the messages she had from her brother.

\*\*-\*\* Dai-nii á•™(â‡€â€,â†%â€¶)á•– [6:47pm] \*\*staying for 2 weeks instead of 1! just got approval from school & coach~\*\*

Rin smiled at the text and quickly replied, making sure to type in all caps so her brother knew how excited she was. Her grandfather had already set up the guest room in the house, and Rin had taken it upon herself to stock the room with basketball magazines and some of her own pictures. She had plucked a few from her wall and put them in her brother's room instead. She even stocked up the kitchen with some of her brothers favorite snacks, \_and\_ the extra strong coffee he liked so much.

"Rin-chan~"

Rin stood up, locking her phone as she looked towards Kuroo and Kenma. The two were in the red sweats and jacket, their bags slung over their shoulders. Rin tugged at her own red jacket and lifted her bag lazily up and handed it to the taller teen. Kuroo had taken it upon himself to carry her bag after the day she was limping. Her knee's still ached, but not as bad as it did when it was rainy. The pain eased up, but would occasionally get really uncomfortable. She was against him carrying her bag at first, but after a couple lame tries of trying to hold her own bag she just gave up.

Rin walked in the middle of the two boys, pointing towards Kenma's game and quietly asking him what he was doing occasionally. Kuroo would only watch, her face usually scrunching in confusion when Kenma \_tried\_ to explain. She wasn't very good at games in the first place, but Kenma wasn't exactly the best at explaining them either.

Usually Rin's house was the first stop, but since she was going to Kenma's she didn't bother to stop. Instead, she set her hands behind her head, her elbows in the air, as she strolled between the two. Her eyes were still looking down towards Kenma's game, easily entranced by the bright colors and flashy movements of his character.

"Where're you goin'?"

Rin looked up from Kenma's game and glanced at Kuroo, who had his head slightly tilted at her, "Oh, I'm going to Kenma's today."

"\_Hah\_?"

Rin nodded, "I promised to help him with something. Don't worry, you'll see by tomorrow."

"You guys are planning things without me?!" Kuroo whined dramatically, slumping his shoulders, Rin rolled her eyes, "Why can't I go?"

Rin shrugged, "Because."

"You don't even have a good reason," Kuroo huffed.

"I don't need one," Rin challenged, raising a single brow at him. He rolled his eyes in response, handing Rin her bag once they arrived in front of Kenma's house. She thanked him and waved bye as she followed

Kenma up the steps of his house. He told her that his parents were home, and he was sure that his mother had some hair dye lying around.

Kenma's room was what she expected it to be, full of game posters, consoles and stacks of games themselves. It was fairly clean, only a few random pairs of shoes lying around, followed by a couple of shirts. He had a bathroom directly beside his room, so it was convenient for them. Rin was familiar with dying her hair, during middle school she had bleached random strands in her hair after she lost a bet with her father. The man laughed at her for a week before telling her she could dye her hair back to normal. It was that story that she told Kenma while she was dying his head, the setter cracking a small smile as she enthusiastically told him about it. She talked about Daisuke, and how he would be staying an extra week. She told them how she was excited for both Kenma and Kuroo to meet her brother - and how she was also nervous about it. Once they were done, and were letting the dye sit, Rin had made herself comfortable on the edge of Kenma's bed. He had seated himself in front of it, leaning his back against the bed while he played video games. Rin was lying on her stomach, her cheek resting on her forearm as she watched Kenma play. She would ask questions here and there but after a while the questions slowed, until they just stopped. Kenma was about to tell Rin that it was time to wash out the dye, but he had looked to her he noticed she was fast asleep.

The, now blond, smiled and shook his head as he went to go wash his the dye out. After everything was done, and the dye was out, he made his way back to his room and grabbed his phone. Kenma had snapped a picture of Rin, her hair was sprawled messily of her arms and her face was relaxed and a slight drool was forming in the corner of her mouth.

Kuroo was quick to call Kenma once the photo was sent.

Rin's eyes opened slowly and she blinked, hearing a loud ringing before it quickly stopped. Her vision blurred before adjusting, her eyes landing on Kenma. He was holding the phone out to her and she looked at him oddly. The boy sighed and brought the phone back to his line of vision as he pressed the 'speaker' button.

"\_Rin-chan~\_"

Rin groaned, slamming her face into the mattress. She was blushing now, embarrassed that she had fallen asleep.

"Kenma, you traitor."

"\_Rin-chan is so cute when she sleeps!\_"

Rin glared at the phone. Her whole face was on fire, and she could feel the tips of her ears burn, only adding to her embarrassment, "Kuroo, \*\*shut \_up\_\*.\*."

\* \* \*

><p>"Don't lose."</p>

"What kind of 'good luck' is that?"

Rin shrugged her shoulders, trying to hold in a snicker as Kuroo gave her a deadpanned look. The two were walking towards the gym, about to get ready for the practice game. The two had already changed, Kuroo into his Volleyball uniform and Rin into a tight white athletic shirt and the signature red Nekoma sweatpants, Kenma was dragged off a little earlier by Yamamoto - the teen still amazed at the new shiny blond.

"I'm sure you'll do fine," Rin shrugged, offering a small smile, "You guys are pretty good."

Kuroo scoffed, "Pretty good?"

The girl rolled her eyes, "You could be better."

Kuroo chuckled, pushing the doors to the gym open. The male walked in first, Rin following him behind.

Kuroo's eyes glanced around, looking at the other team for a moment. They all seemed to stop and stare at the door he had just walked through, their eyes focused on Rin. A few looked excited, and Kuroo overhead the word "cute" and "female manager" thrown around quickly. Curiously, the teen glanced over his shoulder. Rin seemed distracted by her phone, her lips pushed to the side as she replied to a text.

"\_\*<sup>\*\*</sup>Rin-hime!\*\_<sup>\*\*</sup>"

The girl jumped, her eyes snapping up glance at Yamamoto. The boy stood protectively in front of her, his back to her as he was slightly hunched over, hissing around her.

"Tora, what are you doing?"

Kuroo practically laughed at how unaware she was when it came to herself. She was so focused on hiding so many things about herself, she never noticed that people actually noticed the things she didn't hide. For example, Rin was pretty and it was no secret. Most of Volleyball players were tall, so Rin's height did add an extra bit of attractiveness to her.

She also made the most amusing faces when she was confused.

But, that was just what Kuroo noticed. He wasn't sure what the rest of the guys had to say about her.

"Protecting Nekoma's precious manager!" Yamamoto yelled as if it were obvious, still glaring at the other team - who now began to look away awkwardly. Rin sighed, grabbing Yamamoto by his ear and dragging him towards Nekoma's bench. The first year didn't seem bothered at all, in fact he seemed more pleased than anything. She pushed him towards the team huddle, Yasufumi was already speaking to the team about the match.

Rin dropped her bag by the bench and went to make sure the team's waters were full. After that, she walked to grab towels for the team from the sports supply closet.

Her phone vibrated in her sweats pocket and she hummed, pulling it to

glance at the message - a smile tugging at her lips when she saw who it was from.

\*\*-\*\* Dai-nii á•™(â†€â€,â†%â€¶)á•- [4:23pm] \*\*bringing you gifts from america! i expect my favorite sister to make my favorite food upon my return! i demand curry rice or yakisoba!\*\*

Rin rolled her eyes and stuffed her phone back in her pocket before grabbing the stack of towels from the shelf. She turned, immediately bumping into someone. She gasped softly, automatically taking a single step back. Her food landed on something, causing her to loose her balance and tumble backwards. The towels flew from her hands and Rin flinched, waiting to hit the floor with an ungraceful thud. But before she felt her back sting with pain, someone grabbed onto her wrist and tugged her forward harshly. She yelped, her eyes darting up to her "savior".

"You should be more careful, Rin."

"Y-Yeah," Rin muttered, pulling away from the male, "Thank you."

Saruhiko grinned, "No problem, Rin. Let me help you pick up the towels."

"I got it," Rin rushed out, uncomfortable with being stuck in the supply closet with the 3rd year, "You can, uh, go ahead and go stretch."

"It's fine, I think I've stretched enough," Saruhiko smiled. His smile did nothing to soothe her nerves and uneasiness, if anything, it just made her even more uncomfortable.

Rin bit the inside of her cheek and quietly began to pick up the towels, folding them hastily and messily so she wouldn't have to be in the room for too long.

"I've been meaning to ask you something, Rin."

She really was uncomfortable with the way her named rolled off his tongue, it wasn't appealing in the slightest. She much preferred the boisterous yell of her name from Yamamoto, or the silky, overly sweet way Kuroo said her name. When Saruhiko said her name it felt unfamiliar, and it made her feel queasy.

"I guess so..." She was hesitant, her mouth was drying up and she was nervous. Saruhiko wasn't like Kuroo, he was pushy and he probably didn't even know his questions could be insensitive. It was why she was constantly avoiding him. Well, that and he was a little too close for her liking about 99% of the time. Like now, he was knelt so close to her that she could feel his breath tickling her face.

"You played for that All-Star Middle School Volleyball team, right? Okamiyasha?"

Rin's eyes widened and she reeled back, her mouth parting in surprise, "I -"

"Rin-hime!"

Yamamoto slid into the entrance, his chest puffed out and his face set with determination, "Kuroo-san needs you to help him stretch!"

"I - I - what?" Rin stumbled over her words.

"I'll grab the towels with Yamada-senpai," Yamamoto grinned, "Don't worry about them, Rin-hime!"

Rin quickly stood, rushing past the two and muttering a "thank you" to Yamamoto. She caught sight of the bed head immediately and rushed over, her face probably flushed from both anger and from being so uncomfortable. Kuroo blinked at her, before a slight frown tugged at his lips.

He immediately noticed the redness to her face, and even the deep red mark on her wrist. Her face was smushed together, her brows knitted together and her lips pursed into a thin line. It was dead obvious that something was wrong.

"You alright there, Rin?"

Rin nodded, turning her head away from him, "Just Saruhiko."

"Ah," Kuroo hummed, turning his back towards her and offering her his arms. She grabbed his wrists and pulled back softly, helping him stretch. Kuroo looked over his shoulder as he continued to speak, his eyes narrowed, "Just try to avoid him, Rin."

Rin pulled his arms back a little further, causing him to flinch, "I have been, stupid."

Kuroo rolled his eyes, "Jeez, Rin, don't take your anger out on little old me."

"I can snap your arms out of their sockets if I pull hard enough."

"Oi, oi," Kuroo whined softly. Rin tugged at his arms as she continued to help him stretch, her face was slowly going back to its regular color. Kuroo peeked over his shoulder once more, his eyes darting to her wrist and then back up to her face. His voice was low so only she would be able to hear, "Are you sure you're okay?"

Rin nodded, dipping her chin into her chest in an attempt to hide her face, "I slipped, he caught my wrist and tugged me up pretty hard. I don't think it'll bruise."

"Is that why you're upset?"

Rin shook her head, remaining silent.

"Well, if you can't stick next to me or Kenma then stick next to Yamamoto."

Rin snorted, "Then no one will come near me."

"That's the point, stupid."

Rin tugged back his arms again, "Do I need to remind you that I can

pull your arms out of their sockets?"

"\_Ow!\_"

\* \* \*

><p>{<strong>AUTHORS CORNER<strong>: Thank you for the reviews, favorites, and follows! I actually have question for you guys, I typically listen to the same songs while writing \*\*She Wolf,\*\* and I was wondering if anyone would listen if I made a playlist for this story on 8tracks? Lemme know! Also! I know I keep mentioning her old team and it's unclear, but it will be made clear soon-ish maybe we'll see. Point is, I \_will\_ explain everything. But \_ayyy\_, Daisuke is going to be coming up very soon! I'm actually really excited for Daisuke's appearance. I hope you love him as much as I do. Thank you for reading!}

(\*\*HEAD CANON FOUR\*\*: Rin is familiar with basketball, but was never very good at it. Likewise, Daisuke is familiar with Volleyball, but was never good at it.)

## 8. Shut Up

\*\*CHAPTER SEVEN: SHUT UP  
><strong>

\* \* \*

><p><em>"It's not whether you get knocked down, it's whether you get back up."<em>

\* \* \*

><p>song recommendation: <em>I Know I'm A Wolf<em> by Young Heretics

\* \* \*

><p>She missed it.<p>

Watching the boys play in the practice match made her utterly miss playing volleyball. And, for a moment while she was watching, her mood turned sour and she became bitter. A pout playing on her lips as her brows furrowed in aggravation, she wanted to be where they were. She wanted to play Volleyball too. But she was scared, and she couldn't really play anyway. Not like she used to. Her aggravation died down the more she watched Kuroo play, the more she watched Taketora excitedly spike the ball, even the more she watched the third years. Nearly everyone was happy while playing, they worked together and depended on each other so well that Rin's bitterness disappeared as quickly as it appeared. The pout slowly left her lips, the crease in her brow slowly eased up until her face was an expression of calm content.

\_Thats right\_.

She was suppose to be getting use to sitting on the bench, she was supposed to figure out how to help them from the bench. Nekoma wasn't Okamiyasha, they weren't her team. She wasn't the Ace, nor was she

the captain - hell, she wasn't even a player. She was Nekoma's manager, she was their tutor. This wasn't her team, though, she was a part of it. Rin's eyes followed Kuroo, and she thought of a hundred different things he could do but didn't. She thought of moves she used, and thought of tactics that helped her while playing.

Rin bit the inside her cheek. She should tell him during practice, tell him the different techniques she learned and show him.

But could she show him?

Rin hunched forward from her spot on the bench, resting her elbows on her thighs and bringing her clasped hands in front of her lips.

She could show him, but she didn't know if she was brave enough. The fear of him questioning her still scared her enough that she didn't want to even touch a volleyball at times. She didn't want to explain Okamiyasha, she didn't want to explain the pants, she didn't want to explain anything that concerned her and Volleyball. And she probably never would explain, she was way too afraid. She didn't want that pity, she didn't want to hear and apology. When people found out she couldn't play Volleyball they apologized to her in the same way they apologized to her when her father died. She didn't understand it.

It was her own fault that she couldn't play, she was the only one to blame. She was careless about her body, she pushed herself too hard. She didn't give her body enough rest, she didn't wear the proper equipment... The list went on and on. Rin was more than angry at herself, she had even hated herself. The entire time she was in the hospital, the entire time she sat in the white room she did nothing but self loathe. She cursed herself and cried and even declared out loud to her brother "I hate me". Of course, Daisuke being Daisuke, was having none of it and did everything and anything he could to cheer her up. But Rin had felt that she didn't deserve it, so she avoided him and then avoided her team. Refusing to leave her bed, and pretending to be asleep anytime anyone tried to spend time with her.

She even avoided the one person she had previously called her best friend.

Again, Rin did this all to herself. In her little tantrum of self-hatred she pushed away people who mattered and now she had no way of contacting them. The team members of Okamiyasha split up into schools she didn't know, and her old best friend moved and Rin didn't even have his phone number.

She realized all too late that she had driven herself into a corner. She was alone.

But, coming to Nekoma, (being forced into) becoming the team's manager, and befriending Kuroo and Kenma, those had been the best decisions she's made in the past two years. She was opening up, slowly but surely.

"Time-out!"

Rin blinked, pulled from her thoughts. She moved her hands away from her mouth and reached over to grab the bottles of water at her side.

She stood, walking towards the court and holding out the bottles to the team.

"Thank you, Rin-hime!"

"Ah, thank you."

Rin hummed, passing the last bottle to Kuroo. He grinned at her, immediately squirting the water into his mouth.

"How we doing, Rin-chan?"

Rin rolled her eyes, "You're not losing, so that's good."

"Jeez," Kuroo sighed, "Can't a guy get a compliment?"

"Not when he can do so much better, no," Rin shrugged nonchalantly.

Kuroo groaned, "Honestly, you're impossible."

"On a good day I'm sometimes possible."

A quiet snort sounded from beside the two teens and Rin snickered seeing Kenma hide his smile with his hair. The whistle form the ref echo'd in the gym and Rin grabbed the bottles back from the boys. Her eyes briefly met Saruhiko's, whose face was set in a stony and cold expression.

Rin frowned, quickly looking away and rushing back to the bench to refill the waters. She was still shaken about Saruhiko asking about her old team, she wanted to know how he knew.

But, honestly, it wasn't hard to look up her name on the internet. She was sure that her name popped up in a few articles about her old team, and once you got the name of the team you could search the web about them. But would Saruhiko actually do that? It was a little weird if she thought about it, that he would go home and look up her name and old team and read up about her. He wouldn't... right?

Rin shook her head softly, weakly trying to rid herself of the uncomfortable thoughts.

Maybe he was at a game?

No. Surely, he would have approached her by saying that he saw her play once.

Rin pursed her lips, she only hoped that Saruhiko would just drop the subject after seeing the look on her face. Any normal person would, wouldn't they? He had to have some sort of manners.

Rin sighed, placing all the waters back in the holder and then made her way back to the bench. Her grandfather was surprisingly quiet during the game, not bothering to talk to her about what was going on. Rin leaned forward again, this time resting her forearms on her thighs and clasping her hands together in front of her knees. It didn't take long for the team to win the first set, leading by 7 points. After that, it didn't take them long to win the game entirely. Leading in the second set by 3 points. Honestly, she wasn't

surprised.

"Do I get a compliment now?"

"You didn't lose, good job."

Kuroo threw his head back dramatically and let out a childish whine,  
"You're so mean, Rin!"

The girl rolled her eyes before fixating her gaze on the Volleyball that was lost in the corner of the room. It seemed while they picked up, they had forgotten about the ball in the corner. She told herself she would get it while the boys changed.

"Are you gunna go home with Coach?"

Rin lifted her chin slightly to look at Kuroo, slowly she shook her head, "I'll walk home with you and Kenma again today. Jii-chan is staying late to talk with other coaches, probably going to call the crows team old coach to boast about you guys."

Kuroo nodded, patting the top of Rin's head. The girl lifted her lip in a silent snarl before swatting his hand away, Kuroo snickered, "Just wait here, Rin-chan. Kenma and I will be back."

Rin hummed in agreement, patting her hair down while watching as the team slowly piled into the locker room. Once she was left alone she slowly walked over to the Volleyball in the corner and picked it up. She smiled softly, spinning it between her hands. Rin glanced over her shoulder, making sure no one was around.

She sighed, lifting the ball with her right hand and pulling her left hand back behind her. She hesitated, her heart dropping into her stomach as she thought about all the times she's done this. The times she use to do this. It made her nervous and anxious, and she didn't know if she wanted to hit the ball anymore.

No.

She missed Volleyball.

Rin brought her left hand forward, hitting the volleyball with her first and sending it soaring across the gym. A smile tugged at the corner of her lips and she slowly followed the ball across the court so she could pick it up.

"Do you miss it?"

Rin jumped, spinning around to look at the person who just spoke.

Kuroo had his head tilted slightly, his eyes focused on her face - waiting to gauge in her reaction.

Her heart thudded against her chest so violently she was sure it was going to break her ribs, her palms begin to clam up and the color was probably draining from her face. Rin pursed her lips, shifting her eyes down to focus on his shoes. Her hands clenched and unclenched at her sides and she was swallowing spit in an attempt to wet her dry mouth. After a moment she looked up, releasing a long breath she

didn't even realize she was holding.

"Yeah... I do."

Kuroo nodded his head, talking long strides so he could stand next to her.

"You still don't want to talk about it?"

Rin frowned, turning her head away, "Talk about what?"

Kuroo snorted, "Volleyball, of course."

"There's nothing to talk about."

Kuroo put his hands in the air in mock surrender, "We don't have to talk about, don't get so feisty."

Rin huffed, shooting Kuroo a weak glare. He only grinned in response, "You're so scary~"

"Sometimes, I'm tempted to punch you," Rin grumbled, crossing her arms over her chest and turning away from him. Instead of looking at Kuroo and the gym's walls, Rin's line of vision was now focused on the volleyball net that remained up. Slowly, she untangled her arms and reached out, grasping onto the black nylon strings. Her train of thought drifted, and her bad habit of speaking before she thought happened once more.

"I really do miss playing."

Rin stiffened, realizing what she said a second too late. Her face flushed with embarrassment and she quickly spun around to face Kuroo, rubbing the back of her neck nervously, "I - I mean - uh - "

"\_Oh\_? What's going on in here?"

Rin lifted her hand from the back of her neck, turning to face the door.

Saruhiro stood with one hand on his hip, the other grasping onto the strap of the sports duffel bag on his shoulder. He had his head tilted, a sardonic grin on his face.

"You know," Saruhiro spoke, taking a few steps forward. Rin took a step back, her shoulder brushing Kuroo's arm. Saruhiro stopped, the grin on his face falling into a bitter scowl, "You two are awfully close, aren't ya? Tell me, what's so great about him? I mean, he probably doesn't know anything about you."

Rin's mouth parted, her eyes widening.

"I mean," Saurhiko spat, "He probably doesn't even know much about you playing Volleyball - right?"

"Listen, I haven't -"

"Shut up when your senpai is talking," Saurhiko groaned, shooting Kuroo a nasty glare, "Seriously, pretty new girl comes to school, joins as manager and she wants to stick with trash like you? You

probably don't even know why she's not playing volleyball."

"Shut up."

Saruhiko turned his attention away from Kuroo, looking at the girl who just spoke. Her lips were pushed down into an unattractive frown, her cheeks flushed pink and her eyes seemingly glossy, "What was that?"

"I said shut up," Rin's voice was low, and she attempted to sound threatening. But her fear shadowing over her anger at this point, she never realized it - why she didn't want to tell Kuroo. Not until this moment.

She wasn't scared that he would pity her or apologize to her like everyone else did, he didn't do that with her father so she wouldn't expect him to do that finding out about her knees. No, she was scared that he would be just as disappointed in her than she was in herself. A star Volleyball athlete, making rookie mistakes. He would judge her based on that.

Saruhiko scoffed, dropping his duffle bag on the floor, "Why? Why haven't you told him? Is it because you don't trust him?"

"That's not it," Rin fought, taking a singly step forward.

Saruhiko turned to look at Kuroo, the tall second year was still standing close to Rin, a blank and unreadable look on his face, "I know more about her than you do and yet she still sticks to you like glue, you see it, right? It's stupid and it pisses me off. You - You piss me off. What do you even know about her, huh?"

Kuroo didn't reply.

"Dumbass," Saruhiko spat, before looking at Rin, "Nekomata Rin. Played for a mixed All-star Volleyball team in middle school, middle blocker and Captain of Okamiyasha - "

"Shut up."

"Won their first championship, lost their second, and never finished their third - "

"I said shut up!"

Rin went to take a step forward, but an arm wound itself around her waist before she could move any farther. She struggled against Kuroo, her vision blurry from the tears she didn't allow to fall.

" - because Captain Rin was injured near the end of the second set - "

"I don't really care what you have to say," Kuroo interrupted, a smirk making its way onto his face. It was different form the one's she seen, it wasn't languid and comforting. The smirk was cynical and felt like a threat in itself, "So, you can take whatever it is you have to say and shove it... senpai..."

Saruhiko snarled, "You might not care, but she sure does. She doesn't want you to know for some reason. Why? I wonder..."

Rin struggled against Kuroo once more, the urge to punch the third year in front of her was like a burning fire in the pit of her stomach.

"Honestly," Kuroo tilted his head, "You're not such a good senpai are you?"

"You know why she doesn't play volleyball anymore?" Saruhiko asked, dismissing Kuroo's question, "Because during the championship match she torn the ACL in her right knee and nearly tore the one in her left, it's - "

Rin tore away from Kuroo, and the next chain of events happened so fast Rin wasn't even sure they happened.

The girl brought her hand back and rushed it forward, ready to hit Saurhiko square in the jaw. The 3rd year easily grabbed her wrist, and before she or Kuroo could do anything Saruhiko had shoved Rin back towards Kuroo, brining his own fist back. Rin was pulled back, Kuroo tugging her behind him with one hand while raising his other arm to block the punch Saruhiko was aiming at his face.

But the punch never landed.

"\_My, my\_~"

A shadow loomed over the 3, tall, menacing and barely readable. Rin's heart was pounding in her chest, her eyes wide as she noticed that the newcomer had grabbed Saruhiko's wrist before he could punch Kuroo.

"\_This\_ is \_not\_ the surprise I was hoping for."

"..\_Daisuke\_?"

\* \* \*

><p>{<strong>AUTHORS CORNER<strong>: The song I put in the beginning is actually what I listened to whilst writing. I had it on repeat and ugh it's a really good song. Thank you for the reviews, favorites and follows! Hope this chapter was good, I feel like my writing sucks 99% of the time (my writing is nothing compared to Bergliot senpai's) but this chapter came out exactly how I wanted it to. I like to imagine that when Kuroo's mad he's that scary kinda mad where he doesn't make angry faces. Like, when he's mad he'll smile and you'll shit your pants cause it's like oh no. But yes, review please!}

(\*\*HEAD CANON FIVE\*\*: Rin's dad taught her basics in self defense.)

## 9. Daisuke

\*\*CHAPTER EIGHT: DAISUKE  
><strong>

\* \* \*

><p><em>"Winning isn't everything-but wanting to win is."<br>\_

\* \* \*

><p>"Ma~an," Daisuke groaned, dropping Saruhiko's wrist after Kuroo took a step back. Saruhiko backed up, his eyes wide as he looked up at Daisuke. Her brother had definitely gotten taller, surprisingly so. She was sure that the doctors and medical trainers in America helped with that, as well as the obvious increase in muscle. His hair was disheveled and unruly, and the tight shirt he wore showed enough muscle to make Saurhiko squirm. There was one thing that remained the same about her brother.</p>

He was still intimidating as hell.

"If I was a couple years younger I wouldn't hesitate to punch you right in the throat," Daisuke stated with a casual smile, "But considering I'm an adult, I have to let you go."

"Who - Who the hell are you?" Saruhiko stuttered, pursing his lips together as he tried to stand straighter.

"\_Hah\_?" Daisuke leaned closer to the 3rd year, pointing to his ear while he spoke, "Didn't you hear Rin? \_Daisuke\_. D-A-I-S-U-K-E. Did he hit you before I came in here? Or are you just dense?"

Saruhiko flushed.

Daisuke's aloof and (\_almost\_) comical demeanor was terrifying, his lips were pulled into a sly grin but his eyes narrowed so dangerously even Kuroo was scared, "Nekomata Daisuke, pleasure."

The color drained from Saurhiko's face, obviously Daisuke had seen him push Rin away and nearly swing at her. And if Kuroo was scared, he wasn't sure how Saruhiko was holding up (he really didn't care). Daisuke was nothing short of threatening. Just looking at him, he looked like the type of guy to beat your face in with a charming smile. Plus, Kuroo didn't remember the last time he actually had to look up at someone. Sure, the teen wasn't the tallest person in the school - but he had never met someone of Daisuke's height. The male looked to be well above 2 meters, it was no wonder why he played basketball in America.

Daisuke's bright blue eyes traveled from Saruhiko over to Rin and Kuroo, for a moment the two males locked gazes.

Daisuke's "serious" face dropped, and a large grin made its way onto his face, "You must be Kuroo-kun! I've heard a lot about you!"

Kuroo blinked, "Huh?"

"Daisuke!" Rin growled, her hand flying past Kuroo's face and straight towards Daisuke's chin. She really wanted to aim for his forehead like she used to, but he was taller than before and his chin was the easiest thing to thump with the heel of her hand.

Daisuke rubbed his jawline with a smirk, his eyes turning to look at Saruhiko almost lazily. The teen had attempted to take a step back in the little spat between the siblings, but Daisuke wasn't blind. The man grabbed the back of Saruhiko's shirt, raising a single finger and wagging it at the teen. His voice was light and almost friendly, but

Saruhiyo began to sweat even more at the tone. It made him uncomfortable, "\_Nuh uh uh~\_. You're coming with me, short stuff."

"W-Why should I?"

Daisuke grinned, and if Saruhiyo was any less prideful than he already was, he might have pissed himself, "You're on the Volleyball team right?"

Saruhiyo could only nod, afraid that he would stutter once more.

Daisuke clicked his tongue, "Well, there's a problem here. 'Cause Kuroo-kun is also on the team, and you just tried to knock his lights out. But that's not even the part that bothers me. You see, my sweet, lovable, little sister is the manager and I'm pretty sure you pushed her. I mean look at how fragile she looks, what if she's emotionally scarred for the rest of her life?"

Rin didn't even notice that she had clasped her fingers around Kuroo's upper arm, squeezing at the red fabric of his Nekoma jacket. Truly, her brother was an idiot at times, but even she couldn't deny the fact that he could be pretty frightening. Though, it did make her feel a lot better to know he was around.

"What I'm getting at here," Daisuke stood straighter, pushing his shoulders back and tilting his chin up as he smiled, "Is that you're going to go tell the old man that you're quitting. If not, I might just have to report you for assaulting my sister. How could would that look for college, third year?"

Saruhiyo looked about ready to faint as Daisuke dragged him away, the taller male calling over his shoulder at the two, "It's Friday! Please join us for dinner Kuroo-kun, Rin is cooking!"

Rin and Kuroo both stood still for a couple seconds after Daisuke was out of sight, both in a surprised silence. Rin's brows were scrunched in the middle of her forehead and her lips were pulled up in an awkward grimace.

"..."

"Why do I feel like that was more of an order than a friendly request?"

"Daisuke doesn't ask questions, he gives orders that just sound like them."

\* \* \*

><p>"Stupid, stupid, <em>stupid</em>."

Kuroo leaned his cheek into his palm, watching as Rin scrambled around the kitchen. The walk to her house was the first time the two had been in an awkward silence. Neither of them knew if they should mention what Saruhiyo had said. Did Rin come clean and just explain what the hell actually happened? Did Kuroo openly ask? Both of them were unsure, so they just remained quiet about it all. Yasufumi had yet to return, and Daisuke was still missing while Rin had been

scrambling around the kitchen for the past half hour trying to get dinner for 4 ready and served.

"Jerk wanted Yakisoba," Rin muttered, placing lids on the hot plates, "Stupid, stupid, jerk."

The two teens lifted their heads when the front door opened, following by a loud '\_I'm home\_' from Daisuke. Rin scrambled around the kitchen and Kuroo lifted a brow as she ungracefully stumbled and rushed towards her brother. For a second he thought she was going to try and hit him again, but he was surprised when instead she wrapped her arms around him - hugging him tightly while repeating "stupid" over and over.

Though, once the siblings let go Rin didn't hesitate to punch her brother right in the stomach. She yelped, turning away with a pout and shaking her hand off while shooting him a lazy glare, "I told you the first think I would do was punch, but I lied. It was the third thing. You're so stupid, you know that! I thought you were coming next week! You said you got two weeks and now you - you got two weeks so you came a week early?! Why wouldn't you tell me! You're so stupid, you know that? How was your flight? Jeez, my hand is throbbing what are you made of? Did you see your room already? Wait, how tall are you now?"

Kuroo snickered at the amount of questions, and at the direction the questions flowed. Rin went from yelling at Daisuke, to asking him the things any curious sibling would. Daisuke didn't seem at all fazed, answering the questions in the order they came, "That was a good punch, work on that and it might actually hurt next time. I got an extra week, so I came early. I was suppose to surprise you - but that didn't go so well. Flight was good, I see you've gotten a little chunky since I've been gone. Have you been working out at all? Ya-jii showed me my room before I went to your school, oh! I have your gifts!"

"You forgot one," Yasufumi chuckled, stepping beside his grandson.

"Oh!" Daisuke grinned sheepishly, rubbing the back of his neck, "Last I checked I was 204cm, I should hit 205 by the time I go back to America."

Kuroo's eyes widened, he was still growing?

"Ah!" Kuroo jumped when Daisuke stepped in front of him, "Kuroo-kun, it's a pleasure to finally meet you! I'm Daisuke, as I'm sure you know by now. Thank you for taking care of Rin while I've been gone!"

Rin placed her palm on the side of Daisuke's face, pushing him away from Kuroo. A light blush spread across her cheeks and her golden eyes narrowed at her brother, "You're so embarrassing, you know that? Can we eat first and talk after? I made Yakisoba."

Like a child, Daisuke sprung up and immediately agreed. A impish grin playing on his face as he pushed Kuroo and Yasufumi to the table. The dinner was mostly quiet, only Daisuke talking while Rin occasionally told him to "shut up" or just called him stupid. Kuroo could easily see why she was so fond of her brother. He talked animatedly and

nearly made you forget that bad things happened throughout the day. Listening to Daisuke talk, the man bouncing from subject to subject, Kuroo had momentarily forgotten that Saruhiko had nearly punched his lights out. But even then, he didn't really care anymore. Daisuke spoke about Rin, telling stories he knew would embarrass his sister or get a rise out of her. Daisuke knew how to make someone comfortable and he knew how to keep everyone at ease. It was a trait that Rin lacked, that social trait that allowed her to be open and carefree with even strangers.

"Saaa~, " Daisuke leaned back, placing two hands on his stomach and patting down, "That was so good."

Rin hummed quietly in acknowledgement, picking up everyone plates and bringing them to the kitchen. Daisuke babbled about getting something form his room and Yasufumi told Rin he would be retiring to bed for the night, leaving Kuroo to help her wash the dishes. The two remained mostly silent while they clean and dried.

"I'm sorry."

Kuroo lifted his eyes, Rin had stopped washing the dishes, her two hands were placed on the edge of the sink, her chin dipped into her chest while her eyes were focused down towards her feet, "I'm sorry about Saruhiko, he almost hit you 'cause of me."

Kuroo shrugged, turning away from Rin to place the last dish back. A smirk tugged at his lips as he spoke, "I think I would've looked good with a black eye, who knows? Maybe you'd compliment me then."

Rin glared at him half heartedly, trying to stop the smile from tugging at her own lips, "I can still give you a black eye if you want it that bad."

Kuroo chuckled, "I think I'll pass this time."

Rin rolled her eyes, a soft smile made its way to her face. She looked at Kuroo through the corner of her eyes and he raised a single brow at her when they made eye contact. Rin couldn't help the blush that rose.

"Rin~ Kuroo-kun~."

Rin sighed, running a hand through her hair nervously as she stumbled past Kuroo - he followed, not bothering to hide his snicker.

The two made their way to Daisuke, who was seated on the couch, a black duffle bag on his lap. Rin yelped when Daisuke thrusted the bag into her hands excitedly, a wide grin spread across his face, "Presents from America!"

Rin rolled her eyes, a small grin tugging at her lips as she sat down on the floor in front of the couch while Kuroo took the extra seat besides Daisuke. Rin opened the bag and immediately dug her hand inside, once her hand grasped onto the first item she looked at Daisuke with a questioning glance.

"Are these?"

"Custom athletic compression thigh highs," Daisuke grinned as Rin

examined the black socks, "Specially made for someone your height, and with a little custom stitching."

Rin flipped over the socks, smiling softly at the small gray wolf that was stitched onto the two socks. Slowly, her smile faded and she looked away from both the socks and the boys, her lips jutting out in a pout, "Why do I need these?"

"Go through the bag first, then ask questions."

Rin sighed, setting the socks to the side and reaching into the bag again.

"Athletic tape and a knee brace?" Rin mumbled to herself, looking at the black tape and red brace. She was utterly confused at this point, just what was her brother trying to pull? Rin set the two items next to socks and reached in again. A frown was on her face at this point, and she wasn't sure if her brother was up to something or if this was some cruel joke. Why athletic supplies? She hasn't been athletic since the accident.

"What the hell is this?"

Daisuke made a sipping motion with his hand, "Take a sip, not too much! Just a regular sip."

Rin made a face as she eyed the clear container.

"Just trust me!"

The girl looked at the weird liquid, it was a hazy red and looked like goo. She unscrewed the cap and sniffed it, it was odorless - so it couldn't be that bad? Rin sipped the liquid, it was thick and felt like slime running down her throat. She gagged, closing the lid and choking on her words, "What - what the hell was \_that\_?"

Daisuke grinned, snatching the bottle from her hands and shaking it at her. Kuroo could only watch in confusion, being just as lost as Rin was in the entire conversation.

"You see," Daisuke's grin began to look a lot more conniving than pleasant, "I spoke to a lot of the sports trainers while in America. And while they agreed that you can no longer play Volleyball competitively, you shouldn't drop it all together. I gathered a few things in America that would lessen the strain on your knees."

Rin eyes widened as she looked at her brother. He looked so proud of himself, a smug grin on his face while his arms were crossed over his chest. Slowly, she frowned, her eyes darting from Daisuke, to Kuroo, and then back to Daisuke, "You want me to tell him."

Daisuke shook his head, leaning further into the couch, "I know you won't, even if I tell you to."

"Then?"

"I'm going to tell him," Daisuke shrugged, and Rin's eyes widened. She lurched forward, ready to punch her brother again. But she swayed, her eyes widening when she was overcome with a sudden rush of dizziness. Rin sat back, her hands resting behind her as she looked

at her brother with wide eyes. Everything was starting to sway, and she felt like her clothes weight a thousand pounds.

"What the - ?"

Daisuke lifted the bottle she had previously drank from, shaking it beside his head so the liquid swirled around in the container. He grinned impishly, "Oh yeah, this? It's some new thing I got from the team medic, it's for aches and pains and typically used for athletes with sports related injuries. Take this the night before a big game or something, and you'll feel like a good man the next day. Only problem is it makes even the biggest of men sleep like a baby."

"You -," Rin stumbled over her words, her eye lids were starting to feel heavy and her whole body was relaxing even when she was yelling at it to stay rigid, "You jerk."

Daisuke chuckled, standing up and lifting Rin into his arms. She weakly tried to fight him, but ultimately gave up when he placed her on the couch right beside Kuroo. The girl swayed in her seat, but remained awake. Her cheeks were flushed from her mild anger, her face reminding Daisuke of her younger self when she would throw tantrums.

"There's one thing I can't show him that you gotta," Daisuke told Rin, turning his back to the two teens while he searched his bag for something.

"I don't - "

"Dad wouldn't want you to hide it."

Rin flinched at Daisuke's more than honest words, he wasn't trying to be a bad brother. In fact, he was just being way too honest. A trait the two siblings shared. Daisuke wasn't mentioning their father to rub salt on the wound, he was just only just speaking the truth. Her dad wouldn't want her to hide it. But she was scared to show Kuroo, she didn't want to show him. It was ugly and gross and she hated to look at it. But Daisuke's words continued to repeat themselves in her mind. Her dad wouldn't want her to hide, he would tell her it was a part of who she was. Her father had scars, Daisuke had scars, and she had scars. She wasn't ashamed of the scar, only the story that accompanied it.

Rin sighed before leaning over, she swayed and Kuroo had to grasp onto her shoulders so she wouldn't fall face first off the couch. She grabbed the end of her pants leg, lifting the red sweats up to expose up to her mid-thigh. Kuroo watched her silently, his eyes widening when he looked at her knee.

One long vertical scar.

It wasn't the prettiest of scars, running in the middle of her knee caused it to wrinkle and the scar itself was thick and bold. It was noticeable against her skin, she wasn't pale nor tan. But the scar was darker than the rest of her skin stood out. It was no wonder Rin only wore pants, she was not only hiding the scar, she was hiding the story.

"I got this scar from the surgery," Rin muttered, "If I didn't hurt

my left leg too, I might've been able to continue playing Volleyball. But since my left knee is still susceptible to injury, I've been told no."

"Ah ha!" Daisuke grinned, shoving two blank DVD cases in Kuroo's and Rin's faces. The two teens leaned back into the couch, Rin letting the hem of her sweats fall back over her knee, "I found 'em!"

"What's that?" Rin's words were slurring together and it was getting hard to sit up. She felt herself leaning towards Kuroo, even though she practically begged her body to lean the other way.

"Couple of your games," Daisuke answered happily, turning around and opening the DVD player, "Kuroo-kun is going to watch then with me, since you'll fall asleep soon. Saa~ This was such a good game! Hmm, is your second year on this disk or this one? Ah! There we go."

Daisuke looked over his shoulder, only to notice that Kuroo was looking at him with a raised brow and Rin was fast asleep on his shoulder.

"I think she's asleep now."

Daisuke's smile softened, and it was the first time Kuroo thought it actually looked sincere, "Saaa, that's good. Tomorrow we'll get going to the park, get her to play Volleyball again. We're going to condition her so she can play, though she won't be able to like she used to. She might throw a tantrum 'cause of that."

Kuroo noted that Daisuke didn't even ask him if he was busy tomorrow, he was practically telling him he was tagging along.

"You've been awfully quiet," Daisuke commented, pushing a few buttons on the remote, "Rin told me you like to talk, so I'm surprised at how quiet you've been."

Kuroo couldn't help but snicker quietly, the fact that she talked about him to her brother, and the fact that she told her brother that he "liked to talk" was more than amusing to Kuroo.

"You can ask me," Daisuke continued, peeking over his shoulder with an impassive look on his face, "I know you want to. 'Why are you pushing Rin to talk' or 'shouldn't she tell me this'? You're thinking that, right?"

Kuroo scratched his cheek with his index finger, nodding his head.

Daisuke turned around again, staring at the tv as he forwarded through the match, trying to get to the desired place, "You might feel like Rin is opening up to you, and she might be. But as much as I love my sister, she really is annoying when it comes to facing things that scare her. That being said, she's scared to talk about what happened, and just by the way she's talked about you and the other guy - I can tell she really considers you guys good friends. Which means she'll never tell you what happened."

"Huh?"

Daisuke sighed, "Rin avoids things, pretends they don't happen. It's her way of dealing with things. If I don't tell you, Rin never will. And you have to know 'cause you want her to get back into volleyball, right?"

Even if Kuroo's answer was no - which his answer was yes - the way Daisuke worded it and said it, made him feel like the only thing he could say was yes. Her brother, although he had this childish nature about him, was as terrifying as a bear.

"I want to show you two things," Daisuke held up his index and middle finger, "The championship match she lost, and the match she got hurt in. I want you to see it 'cause then you'll have seen her at her worst when it comes to Volleyball. Rin took this loss harder than the rest of the team and it shows. I think if you see this, and she knows you've seen it - I think she'll open up to you a lot more than she already has."

Kuroo nodded his head softly, agreeing quietly.

Daisuke played the match, the focus of the camera was already on Rin. Her hair was much longer, instead of landing on her shoulders like it did now - it was pulled into a high pony tail that passed her shoulders. The volleyball uniform hugged her nicely, the jersey was a light grey with accents of brown on the arms and sides with the number '1' plastered to the front and back of her jersey. She wore grey knee pads and knee high socks to match. He could hear people in the background 'ooh' and 'aww' and talk about "the two aces in a team of aces".

The camera moved and Kuroo briefly caught a glimpse of the score.

**\*\*Okamiyasha\*\* - 23**

**\*\*Hinotora\*\* - 23**

Neither team scores for a bit. But Kuroo watches Rin's team move, they were quick to react and worked so well with each other. The libero was small, so he would dash back and forth across the court easily. The setter was tall and could see the entire team, her serves were harsh and her tosses quick. Rin was an excellent middle blocker, she jumped higher than even the boys on the team. Her arms hovering over the net and creating the perfect umbrella to block spikes. Kuroo flinched seeing the opposing team use a feint, earning themselves a point. Rin's face faltered for a moment before she composed herself.

"Don't mind! We can do it! Throw me the toss!"

The setter did just as Rin asked, and Kuroo even found himself amazed at the way Rin spiked. Her jump was high, and he was surprised the setter could toss to her so well. She slapped the ball, and he swore he's never seen a wider grin on her face. Rin's spike flew towards the ground, pushing roughly past the blockers fingers. The opposing teams players shook off their hands off, a weak attempt at getting rid of the burning sensation from her spike. Rin celebrated, throwing her hands up with a wide grin plastered across her face. Kuroo squinted at the tv when a familiar face popped up on-screen.

"Wait - "

Daisuke hummed in confusion, pausing the video and looking at Kuroo with a raised brow. Kuroo looked at the tv, a familiar figure clung to Rin as they briefly celebrated her point.

"I know him."

Daisuke's eyes widened and a wide grin spread across his face, he looked positively thrilled, "Really?!"

Kuroo's brows furrowed, "Uh, yeah, I met him last summer. Our schools get together during the summer for a training camp and -"

"Whatever you do don't tell Rin," Daisuke grinned, his index finger hovering above his lips, "We're going to keep it a secret and surprise her, alright?"

Kuroo couldn't help but smirk, Rin definitely seemed the type to hate surprises. So, surprising her sounded like a \_lot\_ of fun, "Hoh? Sounds fun."

"He was her best friend," Daisuke chuckled, "I always thought they were an unlikely pair, but she was always so silly around him. They had a friendly competition going on, but she was the better spiker back then. I'm sure he's a lot better now."

Kuroo couldn't help the slight pang of jealousy, but the thought was quickly erased when he thought about the way she had smiled in the match. The look on her face when she spiked the ball, and the sheer look of happiness on her face as she hugged her teammate. He wanted to be able to see \_that\_ side of Rin.

The video played once more and the fight between the two teams was intense. Sweat was pouring from all the players faces, but no one was willing to let the ball drop just yet. Kuroo knew how it was going to end, but a part of him wanted to see her win - he wanted to see how Rin was at the end of a winning match.

She was in rearguard when it happened. The middle blockers couldn't stop the hook shot, and Rin dove towards the floor - her arm stretched out in front of her. She landed roughly, and slid a couple of inches forward. The ball slammed against the floor centimeters away from her fist and the ref's whistle echoed from the speakers in the room. The opposing team was quick to celebrate, screaming and gathering in a group hug.

Rin remained on her knees, her back curved and her forehead resting against the floor. Her hands were balled into fists beside her head and Kuroo knew that she wasn't going to hide her tears. The player he recognized walked over, kneeling beside her and setting a hand on her back while he bowed his own head.

Daisuke paused the video, his back still towards Kuroo as he spoke, "That was the last match our dad saw before he passed away. He missed her championship during her first year because he was called to work in the middle of the first set. After he died she was dead set on winning the championship in her third year. She said he was always watching her, so she wanted to him to see her win her a

title."

Kuroo remained silent as Daisuke forwarded the games once more.

"She practiced a hell of a lot," Daisuke sighed, "But she was so hell-bent of earning a title that she didn't take care of herself. She ended up ruining her knee's because of the way she practiced so recklessly. She would practice day in and day out without rest, she wouldn't wear knee braces at time and after a while she even started to land funny. As a Basketball player, even I know there's a wrong way to land. One wrong twist and you're done for. With her, being a middle blocker, her sole purpose in the game was to jump - without that she would struggle."

Daisuke played the game again, a different one, and Rin was immediately calling for a toss. Her hair was short now, and held back in a tiny pony tail, a bunch of loose strands falling in front of her face. Rin jumped, and to Kuroo, it looked like she was jumping even higher than she was in the previous game. The muscles in her arms seemed more defined and her form when she spiked was nearly perfect. But he noticed it, the moment she landed from the spike she stumbled. She caught herself before anyone else noticed and immediately called out to her team.

"\_Alright! Let's do it again!\_"

The libero stopped the ball from dropping to the floor and the ball flew towards Rin, the libero calling out her name in a rushed manner - hoping Rin would hit it. Rin took a few steps, her chin tilted up and her eyes following the ball. She bent her knees and tried to push herself off the ground. Kuroo watched with a frown as Rin's knee's buckled and gave out, causing her to fall. She landed roughly, her hands on the floor in front of her as she breathed heavily. The camera shook a little, and Rin's teammates flocked around her quickly. She tried to stand, but the moment she did she fully collapsed onto the floor with a loud cry. The camera shook again and the feed gave out.

Daisuke heaved a heavy sigh, turning the television off and rubbing the back of his neck, "She made a lot of mistakes, and I know she realizes that. But the thing that Rin will probably never realize is that her determination to play was what made her a great Captain. Despite being awkward, when it came to Volleyball she was a natural leader. She can't give the game up, not when it makes her happy. I swear, out of all the smiles I've seen on my little sister. My favorite is the smile she wore when playing Volleyball."

Kuroo glanced down at Rin, she hadn't budged from her sleeping position at all. Her cheek was resting against his upper arm, she had her legs tucked in behind her and her fingers were wrapped around the fabric of his red jacket. Her cheeks were flushed pink and her hair was disheveled from being carried and then dropped on the couch by Daisuke. Kuroo lifted his head when he heard Daisuke begin to snicker.

"Saa~ I think she's drooling on your jacket."

\* \* \*

><p>{<strong>AUTHORS CORNER<strong>: It's 2:25 AM and I'm waiting for

the Bleach manga to come out but it's not so here's an update instead. I listened to a BokuAka mix on 8tracks while writing this, ugh, it was really good. But hey! Dai-nii! I really love Daisuke because his personality is based off my little brother and my little brother is a lil shit and Daisuke is a lil shit but ah, so much love. When I think of Daisuke's looks I honestly think of Kiyoshi Teppei from KNB, so yeah. Thanks for all the reviews last chapter, and also thank you for the favorites and follows! You're all super hella. If you have any questions about Rin or anything you can ask me on tumblr - \*\*juujisho\*\*. Or if you wanna be my friend and talk to me you can follow me too I need more friends. Also! Daisuke is 22, 6 years older than Rin. Sorry if there's errors!}

(\*\*HEAD CANON SIX\*\*: FOR THIS HEADCANON I'M GOING TO POST RIN'S ATHLETIC STAT'S)

( \*\*BEFORE ACCIDENT\*\*:

\*\*POWER\*\*: 5/5

\*\*JUMPING\*\*: 5/5

\*\*STAMINA\*\*: 3/5

\*\*GAME SENSE\*\*: 4/5

\*\*TECHNIQUE\*\*: 4/5

\*\*SPEED\*\*: 3/5 )

( \*\*AFTER ACCIDENT\*\*

\*\*POWER\*\*: 2/5

\*\*JUMPING\*\*: 2/5

\*\*STAMINA\*\*: 2/5

\*\*GAME SENSE\*\*: 4/5

\*\*TECHNIQUE\*\*: 3/5

\*\*SPEED\*\*: 2/5 )

## 10. First Step

\*\*CHAPTER TEN: FIRST STEP  
><strong>

\* \* \*

><p><em>"Pain is only temporary, but victory is forever."<br>\_

\* \* \*

><p>"Daisuke stop."<p>

"But you look so cute! You're in shorts and you're wearing the sweater I gave you and -"

"Daisuke."

"- Your hair is in that cute little pony tail -"

"Stop."

"Saaa, Kuroo-kun! Kozume-kun! Doesn't Rin look -"

"\_Shut. Up.\_"

Daisuke groaned, throwing his arm around Rin's shoulders, shaking her back and forth, "So~ cranky."

Rin growled at her brother, only causing him and Kuroo to chuckle at her lack of verbal response. She narrowed her eyes at the two, her shoulders slumping as her lips twitched into a pout.

She woke up completely unhappy that Daisuke had practically \_drugged\_ her. She was even more pissy when she found out that Daisuke was completely serious about telling Kuroo. She felt utterly embarrassed that her brother had showed him the games and that Kuroo had watched her at her worst. Daisuke had then added to her discomfort by telling her that they were going to go play Volleyball with said boy that day. Needless to say, she was fuming the entire morning.

Rin wasn't sure what Kuroo would say about the video, she wasn't sure how he would react with her now that he's seen the video \_and\_ the scar. She just didn't know. And the more she thought of how he would react the more she realized something.

Rin was \_scared \_to know how he would react. She was fiercely reminded that his opinion mattered to her. And she didn't know what upset her more, the fact that he knew everything or the fact that she had no idea why she cared so much.

But the moment Kuroo showed up at her door, with Kenma (reluctantly) in tow, he acted as if nothing. Happily greeting her and Daisuke as if he hadn't watched the videos yesterday. Casually calling her "Rin-chan" with that \_annoying\_ smirk while dragging her out of the house as if he hadn't seen the ugly scar. He acted as if nothing was different, as if he was still blissfully oblivious to Rin's problems. She was too upset to ask him about anything, so she settled with remaining silent.

And, according to Daisuke, \*\*cranky\*\*.

Daisuke had practically shoved her new clothes in her hands. He had gotten her a few things from America, a cute blue shirt and sweatshirt with a paw print over the heart, as well as a couple pairs of running shorts. So, to please her whining brother, she put on the black crew neck and slipped on some new shorts. He had allowed her to wear the compression socks before they left the house, but told her that she would have to take them off when they got to the gym - so he could apply the athletic tape.

"I don't think I've ever seen your hair up, Rin~chan."

Rin shot Kuroo a glare, her cheeks puffed out and red from embarrassment.

It wasn't like she wanted to wear her hair back. Daisuke had literally forced her to wear it this way when she brushing it earlier that morning. The oversized bear had tugged at Rin's hair and pulled it back for her, saying that he "missed it." So, Rin's hair was pulled into a small pony tale at the nape of her neck - a bunch of loose strands falling around her face. She tried removing the hair tie once, and that resulted in Daisuke pulling her in a loose - but still firm - head lock.

She didn't try again.

"Here we are," Daisuke sang happily.

Rin sighed, rubbing the back of her neck nervously as she eyed the empty gym. Her grandfather had given them the keys to the gym at Nekoma, so they had the large gymnasium all to themselves. It felt a lot more spacious now that it wasn't occupied with the entire Nekoma volleyball team.

"So what -"

"Sit down."

Rin squeaked when she was pushed down by her shoulders and forced to sit on the bench by her brother. The older Nekomata quickly rummaged through the bag, he knelt down in front of her while Kuroo and Kenma took seats on either side of her - Kuroo looking at Daisuke curiously and Kenma engrossed with his handheld game.

"Ah, Kuroo-kun," Daisuke shoved the red knee brace into Rin's hands while talking to Kuroo, "Since I'll be going back to America in two weeks I should teach you how to wrap her knee so you can do it for her."

Rin's face flushed and she squeezed the knee brace in her grasp, "Hah!? Why can't I just do it myself?"

Daisuke grinned cheekily, "'Cause you probably won't wrap it tight enough 'cause you're a big baby."

Rin lurched forward, punching her brother in the shoulder - though, it hurt her more than it probably hurt him.

Daisuke snickered and tugged at the red athletic tape, using his finger to urge Kuroo to come closer to watch. Rin's face was burning, and she could feel the tips of her ears get warm as she squirmed in discomfort. Daisuke calmly and slowly explained the proper way to tape her knee up to Kuroo, who had his head tilted to the side the entire time. Rin would have laughed at him, telling him he resembled a house cat, but her discomfort and embarrassment were enough to keep her silent the entire time. She avoided eye contact, turning her head away from all 3 boys while she fidgeted in her seat (which would lead to Daisuke scolding her to sit still). She flinched at the tightness of the wrap once her brother was done with one knee. When Daisuke was done, Kuroo wrapped her other knee. Which caused Rin's face to burn ever brighter - if that was at all possible at this point.

"Alright! Put your knee pads on!"

Rin tilted her head over slightly, her cheeks still bright red as she pouted at Daisuke - still, she moved and slowly slipped both the knee pads on.

It was weird, wearing knee pads again. The tape made it feel odd too, though there was little to no pain in her knees. She hadn't really noticed it before, but her knees actually didn't hurt. Which was weird, usually she felt some sort of pain coming from them. But there was nothing. The tight wrap was a weird - but pleasant - pressure on her knees, and the pads were soft and comfortable.

"Rin is ready, let's do this!" Daisuke roared happily, his voice echoing off the walls of the gym.

Rin couldn't help but smile lightly, "You don't even know how to play Volleyball right."

Daisuke rolled his eyes, jabbing his finger in Kuroo's chest - causing the blacked hair male to choke on air from the harsh and sudden impact, "I just have to get the ball past him, right? He plays what you played right? I know how to serve it well enough. So, I just gotta beat him and you when it comes to being stronger, that's not hard."

Rin snickered, "Yeah, right."

Daisuke huffed childishly, grabbing the volleyball from Kuroo's hands, "Fine then, let's see."

Rin stood and smirked, but the realization hit her when she noticed Kuroo and Daisuke walk onto the court.

She couldn't play. She hadn't played in so long, a part of her even felt like she forgot how to play. And her knees, Daisuke said she could but she was scared. What if she hurt her other knee? Then what? Two ugly scars running down both knees, constantly reminding her of her failure as a Volleyball player? No, thanks.

"Let's stretch first."

Rin gasped in surprise when Kuroo tugged at her hand, pulling her down to the gym floor so they could stretch out their legs. Daisuke was loosely stretching at the opposite corner, but mostly trying to figure out how to serve on his own.

Rin pursed her lips together, her eyes darting up to look at Kuroo and then back down to the red tape at her knees.

"You're stretching wrong," Kuroo sniffed, he leaned forward and grasped Rin's wrist and pulled her forward lightly, forcing her to stretch her leg muscles even further, "Hoh? You're a lot more flexible than I thought."

Rin growled, her eyes narrowing at him in annoyance, "I have a clear shot to your manhood, Kuroo. Watch it."

Kuroo smirked, sending Rin a wink, "There's the Rin I know."

It took her a moment to register what he said, and when his words registered Rin blinked, the snarl falling from her lips and her

entire face twisting into confusion.

\_Oh\_.

"Let's do this, Rin~chan," Kuroo smirked, standing up and stretching his arms above his head, "You say I can do better, but let's see you play."

Rin snorted, "Yeah right, stupid. Did you not see the video yesterday, I can barely -"

She cut herself off, her eyes widening in surprise when she realized she had easily just mentioned what she had been avoiding. Her eyes darted back to Kuroo, who was giving her his signature smirk, not a trace of pity or even disappointed in his eyes. Instead, he looked just as mischievous and cunning as ever. Rin didn't know if that pissed her off or gave her a sense of relief.

"\_Hoh\_? You scared?"

Rin blinked, still trying to figure out what she was feeling.

"Saaa~ Rin's scared?!"

Finally, she puffed out her cheeks, dragging her right arm across her chest so she could stretch it out. If she were paying close attention she would have noticed the mischievous twinkle in Daisuke's eye, and the small grin from Kuroo.

"Kenma! Serve it to Daisuke at least once!"

Kenma sighed, looking at Kuroo with a look of distaste. None the less, the boy stood and grasped the Volleyball from Daisuke.

Rin could feel her heart pounding against her rib cage when she noticed Kuroo get into a defensive position beside her. He was watching her, waiting for her to do the same - but he didn't say anything to goad her on. He was waiting for her to do that on her own, because that itself was a giant step for Rin. No one was making a big deal out of it, but everyone knew it. Rin was going to take this step. But she was nervous, she was scared.

"Ready!" Daisuke sang, rubbing his hands together and sticking his tongue out in concentration.

It was like her body was in control of itself at this point. Her mind went from overthinking to Volleyball in a split second, and her body followed suit. Rin lifted her hands and bend her knees slightly. Her lips were barely parted, and her cheeks were flushed from the whirlwind of emotions that raced in her mind and heart. The heart that was still beating rapidly in her chest. She was excited, nervous, scared - or was she just so numb she thought she felt all these emotions? She didn't know. But what she did know was that she had taken the step. Like a wolf that had licked its own wounds, it stood up and had taken that first step. The wolf limped, but it had taken the step.

She had taken the first step.

Rin's eyes followed the ball as Kenma tossed it towards Daisuke. His

form was sloppy, and wasn't anything professional. But Rin knew he was going to hit it hard enough anyway. Her breath caught in her throat when she jumped, Kuroo's figure following closely beside her own. Their fingers briefly touched when they lifted their hands above the net, the ball slapping against both of their palms and falling back towards Daisuke. A smile tugged at the corner of Rin's lips when she felt the tingle in her fingers, but when her eyes briefly caught Kuroo's and she was confused. Why was he looking at her with wide eyes? Why did Daisuke looked so concerned all of a sudden?

\_Ah....

It all felt like slow motion to Rin, the way she fell back down from the net. She didn't even realize it until Kuroo landed on his two feet and she still felt herself falling towards the floor.

\_When did I slip?\_

Kuroo reached out a single arm, wrapping it around Rin's shoulders and pulling her as close to him as possible. They landed awkwardly and were oddly entangled, Rin's legs mixing in with his own while he had his arm wrapped around her shoulders - her own arms were held tightly against her chest. Daisuke's face was contorted into a look of worry, which Rin never thought looked good on him. He was never serious. Rin didn't like the look on Kuroo's face either, she didn't like that he looked scared. His eyes were wide and he was looking at Rin with a look that harshly reminded her that he knew about her knees.

But even though she was receiving these looks she couldn't help it.

Even though she had completely and utterly failed at her first jump in what felt like a lifetime.

She couldn't help it.

Rin laughed.

Rin shut her eyes, her hands flying to her stomach as she let out loud and childish giggles. Tears sprung in the corner of her eyes and her cheeks began to hurt in the same way they did when she ate something sour. Her cheeks flushed and she let out a quiet snort once or twice.

Kuroo and Daisuke's face calmed.

"Why would you scare your big brother like that, Rin!" Daisuke whined, trying to stop the wide grin from spreading across his face. He failed, because Rin completely ignored him and continued to laugh. Her fingers were squeezing the fabric of the sweater right above her stomach. Her hair was tickling her nose and was a complete mess.

"What's so funny?" Kuroo asked, detangling himself from the female. She had lied down on the floor, her head resting close to where Kuroo was still seated. She tried to catch her breath a few times, but would fail and continue to laugh instead.

"I - I -"

She could barely put a sentence together without giggling at the end.

"Spit it out, idiot!" Daisuke yelled, stomping his feet childishly.

"I - I was so bad!" Rin laughed, her head tilting back a little as she continued to laugh, one of her palms slapping lightly against the gym floor, "I use to be so good and that block was so bad!"

"Haaah?!"

Rin ignored her brother and turned to look at Kuroo, lifting her hand to point her index finger at him. She lightly poked his chest as she spoke, still quietly laughing, "And you, even though I was bad your block was horrible."

"Hoh?" Kuroo grinned, lifting a single brow, "You wanna try that again then?"

A grin spread across Rin's lips, and Kuroo could see that the smile was completely different from the ones he's seen before.

He definitely liked this one more.

Rin slowly stood up, rubbing the back of her neck as she still chuckled lightly. Her cheeks and the tip of her ears were tinted pink and she had an impish smile on her face. She stretched her arms and nodded towards Daisuke and Kenma, "Let's try that again."

Daisuke sent her a smirk and she noticed that he winked in Kuroo's direction, but she didn't bother to ask why. She just assumed they were internally rolling their eyes at her.

Rubbing her hands together in the same manner Daisuke had moments ago she smirked, "Come on, Dai-nii, just act like you're dunking the ball or whatever it us that you do."

Daisuke snorted, "Dunking and spiking are totally different."

"They're both aggressive actions that earn you points," Rin shrugged, "Come on, I'll stop it either way."

Daisuke smirked, tilting his head to the side. He told Kenma to toss it once more and the boy grumbled an agreement. Rin bent her knees and lifted her palms to ghost the net in front of her. Her lips quirked upwards in a small smile. She was about ready to jump but let out a high pitched squeak when she rose into the air.

Because who the hell just lifted her up?

"Block it!"

Rin quickly raised her arms over the net and blocked Daisuke's weak spike - causing him to let out a loud and obnoxious whine. Rin tilted her head down to look at Kuroo, the bedhead was sending her one of

his infamous smirks. He had picked her up by her legs so she was high enough to see over the net perfectly. Like she did when she was in her prime. Of course they noticed, on her first jump not only did she slip but she didn't nearly jump as high as she used to. She blocked Daisuke's spike because she had Kuroo's help and because Daisuke isn't a Volleyball player at all, he simply knows the basics. So, Kuroo had lifted her up and she blocked the spike on her own. She blocked the spike and she was as high up in the air as she was when she played with Okamiyasha.

Tears sprung in the corner of her eyes and she choked on a laugh, her cheeks flushing as she grinned widely again.

"How's the view up there?" Daisuke called, setting his hands on his hips as a grin made its way onto his face.

Rin wiped at her cheeks, causing her to spread the fallen tears around her face. She gave her brother a closed eye grin, "Unforgettable."

\* \* \*

><p>{<strong>AUTHORS CORNER<strong>: FIRST OFF I WANNA SAY. I made a mix on 8tracks for Rin, the link to the mix is on my page! Go check it out if you actually care tbh but yeah thanks for reading! Under the headcanon I wanted to post some questions I've gotten about Rin through here and also on tumblr. I figured I'd answer them here so everyone can see! If you have any questions comment/message me here or on tumblr[jujujisho]. Thanks for the reviews, follows, and favorites! Enjoy!

ALSO, Rin's hair was honestly inspired by the Rin from Free! when he wears his hair in a pony tail.

Sorry if there are mistakes, please let me know, I got off of work and I really wanted to type this finish cause it makes me so happy so yeah. I swear I check my chapters like ten times but I still manage to miss my mistakes.

LASTLY, shout out to Bergliot because we practically wrote out our OC's futures and oh my gosh okay, it's perfect.}

(\*\*HEAD CANON SEVEN\*\*: Rin was born on April 24th, she's a Taurus.)

\*\*[BONUS QUESTIONS:\*\*

\*\*1. Why did you chose a wolf to represent Rin?\*\*

\*\*- \*\*I chose a wolf for a multitude of reasons. One, it's my second favorite animal tbh. But, besides that, a wolf has a lot of traits that I admire and I'm trying to portray those traits in Rin. A wolf can be a "lone wolf" or it can be an in a pack. Both with and without a pack, a wolf is strong. Okamiyasha was Rin's pack, but after her accident she became a lone wolf. Wolves \_never\_ abandon a wolf in their pack, which is why I had \_Rin\_ abandon Okamiyasha. Now, Rin was the Captain of Okamiyasha which means she was like the Alpha. Alpha's are strong, they're the leaders and they're the ones who take care of the pack. That's why when Rin hurt herself, she was unable to do Captain duties - unable to do Alpha duties. So, out of shame, she

exiled herself. She is still currently a "lone wolf" or "lone alpha", but she will get a pack again. Can you guess who?

I'M REALLY TRYING TO MAKE THE PARALLELS STRONG WITH THIS.

\*\*2. Who is the unnamed best friend?\*\*

\*\*- \*\*I'VE HINTED AT IT BUT NO ONE HAS GUESSED SO I'M NOT TELLIN' JUST YET. You will find out eventually, though.

\*\*3. Rin's stats were pretty high.\*\*

\*\*- \*\*Not a question but I did want to comment on this. They're high because 1. She was on an All-Star team, meaning that EVERYONE's stat's on the team were high. 2. She was Captain of said team, so of course her stat's were going to be good. And 3. She was the Ace.

\*\*4. Was Rin close with all of her old team?\*\*

\*\*- \*\*Yes, of course! I haven't given a proper flashback \_yet\_. But I can tell you that there is one.]

## 11. Team Nekoma

\*\*CHAPTER ELEVEN: TEAM NEKOMA  
><strong>

\* \* \*

><p><em>"When you put on that jersey, the name on the front is more important than the name on the back."<em>

\* \* \*

><p>Rin closed her eyes, squeezing her hands around around the team's clipboard. She could feel a vein threaten to pop, joining the burning sensation that was already smeared on her cheeks.<p>

"R-Rin-hime is in shorts! \*\*Shorts\*\*\_!"

"\_Taketora\_," Rin growled, opening her eyes and shooting the younger male a glare. His face was about as red as his jacket, and his eyes were wide as he - not so discreetly - stared at her legs. Yamamoto had a hand overing over his mouth, with his free hand pointed towards the girl in amazement. Rin's glare moved over towards Kuroo, who already had his hands up in mock surrender as he made his way over to Yamamoto. The black haired teen immediately slapping Yamamoto upset the head to snap him out of his trance.

"\_Yamamoto\_, you seem to be in a good mood today. How about double the work out?"

Yamamoto snapped his gaze away from Rin, immediately turning towards Kuroo before he shrunk back, "S - Sorry."

It took a minute for Yamamoto to cool down, and Rin was still squeezing the clipboard in annoyance. Kuroo had convinced her, \_somehow\_, to wear shorts to Monday's practice. So she did, along

with a pair of thigh high socks to cover the scar - she was comfortable enough to wear shorts, but definitely not comfortable enough to let everyone see the scar. Not yet.

"You'll get wrinkles in your forehead if you keep worrying, Rin-san."

Rin jumped, quickly turning her head to look at the person who had just spoken.

"Ah," She scratched her cheek awkwardly, forcing a small smile onto her face, "Thanks for the advice, Morisuke."

Yaku chuckled lightly, "You shouldn't take Yamamoto too seriously, his main concern revolves around girls. I think you may be the first girl he's ever been able to utter more than two words to."

Rin gave the libero a deadpanned look, dropping the clipboard on her lap, "All he ever says is '\_Rin-hime\_' and '\_untouchable\_!' I don't think that even counts as a conversation."

Yaku gave Rin a small smile, "He's just excited your here. It's nice to have a manager, especially one as knowledgeable in volleyball as you!"

Rin could feel her cheeks warming up at the compliment and she immediately turned her head away, lifting up the clipboard in her hands to hide the bottom half of her face while she mumbled a weak 'thanks'. Yaku chuckled once more before walking back towards the court, where the boys were finishing up their stretches. Rin let her face cool off while she watched the boys, her eyes darting around from face to face. After the incident with Saruhiko her grandfather had told her that two other third years decided to "resign from the club. Leaving only 2 third years, 3 second years, and 2 first years.

The third years left were quiet, and both were a middle blockers. Twins. The two stood only a couple centimeters taller than Kuroo. Both had short black hair and light grey eyes, their build was good and Rin thought both of their blocks were solid - not perfect, but solid. She could see herself getting along with both Kenta and Katsu. They was quiet and patient, and often listened to her grandfather when the man supplied his advice. They mostly kept to each other, but they worked well with the team. Like Fukunaga, they weren't really talkers.

"Rin-san!"

Rin lifted her head towards the voice, dropping the clipboard down a little so she could question whoever was calling her.

Yaku waved his arm towards the girl, "Could you toss a few of the Volleyballs for us? Kenma says he doesn't feel well."

Rin sighed, setting the clipboard down at her side and standing up. She tugged at the hem of her Nekoma jacket and made her way towards the court while she gave Kenma a sideways glance. The boys sneezed, wiping his nose with the top of his hand - causing the teams libero to start yelling at him to grab a tissue. Kuroo noticed Rin look almost lazy as she drug her feet towards the court, she yawned as she

grabbed hold of one of the Volleyballs - ready to hit it over the net when the team was ready. Kuroo tried not to smirk, remembering how she was after their little practice on Saturday, and the text he received from her on Sunday.

- rin~chan ( É‡à·'É‡ ) [11:24 am] \*\*i just woke up and\*\* \*\*im so sore. why am i so sore? i never want to play volleyball again.\*\*

- rin~chan ( É‡à·'É‡ ) [11:37am] \*\*let's play again after practice.\*\*

"Ready?" Rin called, dragging out the word lazily as she looked at the boys. Her grandfather was watching the practice, absolutely beside himself with happiness as he watched Rin serve the ball to the team. Rin snickered a couple times when the boys would mess up, or she would call out soft praises towards a few - mainly towards Fukunaga, Kai and Yaku. The team was beginning to get use to Rin, her and Kuroo butting heads when she would tell him how bad his block was. Or Rin yelling at Yamamoto for whatever it was he did - or said. Sometimes she would even reprimand at Kenma, telling him to get more excited about the game itself. She was slowly becoming more involved, and she was smiling more than she had since the accident.

Rin hit the ball, calling out praises toward Fukunaga after he successfully stopped the ball from dropping on the floor - the first year gave her a solid thumbs up in return. Rin snickered when Yamamoto whined about not hitting the ball hard enough and Rin reached towards another Volleyball, getting ready to serve it over the net once more.

"\_Saaaa\_ ~ Rin! Kuroo-kun! Kozume-kun!"

Rin flinched mid serve, causing the ball to soar towards the net and bounce back towards the floor. She groaned in annoyance, turning to look over her shoulder where Daisuke stood happily, his hands on his hips as he looked around at all the players.

"\*\*\_Huge\_\*\*!"

Daisuke took long, slow strides forward, swinging his arm around Rin's shoulders - causing her to take a step forward so she wouldn't lose her balance. Her brother lifts a single hand to the players, "Yo! Nekomata Daisuke, pleased to meet you!"

Yaku, who holds his own look of surprise, has to hit Yamamoto upside the head so the younger male actually closes his mouth. Kuroo raises a single brow while using the hem of his shirt to wipe the sweat off of his face and the rest of the team's faces hold a look similiar to Yaku's.

"\_Nekomata\_!?"

Ignoring Yamamoto, Daisuke pinches and pull at Rin's cheeks harshly, causing them to redden, "I heard you're all taking good care of Rin~! I just wanted to come by and say thank you! Your first game is next week right?"

Rin slaps her brothers hands away, rubbing her cheeks with her palms while she shoots him a harsh glare.

"First game is next week, that's right," Kuroo crosses his arms, tilting his head as he grins at the taller male, "Are you going to watch?"

"Saaa~ of course!" Daisuke clasps his hands together happily, "Rin has talked about this team nonstop when I called her from America, I have to see how amazing you are for myself!"

"Ri - Rin-hime called us \_amazing\_?!"

"Rin actually complimented us?"

"Kuroo, that's rude."

"That was nice of Rin-san to speak so highly of us."

Rin lifted the volleyball to her face so she could hide her burning cheeks, her eyes darting to her brother as she shot him an annoyed glance. Daisuke grinned impishly, it was the type of grin that she thought nearly matched Kuroo's. The type of grin that basically said 'I'm about to annoy the shit out of you'.

"Rin and I just wanted to invite all of you to the Nekomata household this weekend," Daisuke grinned, spreading his arms apart as he spoke, "She'll be making BBQ for the team so you guys can relax before your first big game."

Rin twitched again, but her annoyance was quick to vanish when the boys began to talk with excitement. She tilted her head in their direction, her shoulders and face relaxing. Fukunaga was looking at her with wide sparkling eyes, Yaku was grinning in her direction, Yamamoto looked about ready to burst with excitement. The twins had looked excited the moment Daisuke had mentioned 'BBQ' and Kuroo looked about as pleased as Daisuke did.

Rin sighed, looking over to Daisuke, "You're paying for all the BBQ we have to buy now."

"Rin-hime, thank you!"

"We're looking forward to it, Rin-san!"

"Isn't that nice of the Nekomata siblings~"

Rin shot Kuroo a glare, "Bite me."

"Is that an invitation?"

"I - no -\_ shut up\_!"

\* \* \*

><p>"Again!"</p>

"Rin," Kuroo groaned, "You're gunna hurt yourself if you're not careful. You're still landing funny, \_stupid\_."

Rin thumped his chin with the heel of her palm, shooting him a glare. Her hair was pulled back into the tiny pony-tail she had worn a

couple of days ago. Kuroo had wrapped her knees after practice and she had made sure to bring the socks her brother bought her. Daisuke and Kenma were sitting on the bench, Kenma on his handheld gaming device and Daisuke sitting with his arms crossed over his chest as he just watched Rin and Kuroo play. Kuroo was only tossing the ball to Rin as she spiked it. It was only their second time practicing and he was already noticing improvement. She was still landing funny, but he assumed that was only because she was landing while trying not to injure her other knee.

"You're talking like Daisuke, it's annoying."

"Are you implying that I'm annoying?!" Daisuke's voice echo'd across the gym.

Rin rolled her eyes and brought her hand to the back of her neck, turning her attention away from Kuroo and towards the Volleyball net, "I just - I just want to be able to do something."

Kuroo raised a brow, "Hah? Do what?"

Rin rubbed her neck again, her cheeks flushing, "I wanted to see if I can still do ... something."

"Why?"

Rin glared in Kuroo's direction, he was grinning down at her with his hands placed on his hips as he slightly leaned forward to hover.

"I wanted to show you how to do something."

Kuroo grinned, tossing his arm around Rin's shoulders and pulling her close to his side, his free hand immediately going to ruffle her hair, "That's so cute! Rin-chan wants to show me one of her cool Volleyball moves!"

"Tetsu - Tetsurou, stop!" Rin's voice came out as a dull whine, her cheeks and the tips of her ears were burning red with embarrassment as she attempted to swat Kuroo's hands away from her head, "I won't show you if you continue to act like an idiot!"

Kuroo's hands left her hair and shoulder and he grinned at her while she attempted to pat down whatever was left of her pony tail.

"R~in! Are you talking about that cool move where you do that fake thing and then you do a high jump and go bam ! And you hit the ball super hard and no one expects it so you get a point?!"

Daisuke's face held a childish excitement and Rin couldn't help but give the 22 year old a deadpanned look. Honestly, the way he described things most of the time, it was hard to believe he went to an Ivy League College in America with a scholarship.

"What did the team calll that again?" Daisuke tapped his lower lip in thought, "Wolf something - right? Or was it dog? No it was definitely wolf. Ah! The Wolf's Leap?"

Rin frowned.

"Wolf's... Leap?" Kuroo tilted his head.

Daisuke grinned, "When Okamiyasha was in a pinch they would always turn to Rin to break them out of it. She'd usually use this move to throw off the other team. A wolf usually leaps towards their prey right? Taking it by surprise?"

Kuroo shrugged, "I guess so."

Daisuke lifted his index finger to point towards Rin, who looked embarrassed, "Rin would use this move and it would usually take the opposite team by surprise and would usually get a point for Okamiyasha."

"The team was making fun of me when they came up with the name," Rin sniffed, crossing her arms, "Mei was always a little brat when she would toss to me half the time."

"Let's try it!" Daisuke stood up from the bench, walking towards Rin and grabbing the ball from her hands, "I know what to do as a tosser."

"\_Setter\_," Rin corrected before her eyes widened in realization, "Wait! I don't even know if I can do it properly -"

"You won't know unless you try!" Daisuke called, yanking at her jacket and moving her to the correct spot, "Kuroo-kun! Just do your normal blocking or whatever it is you do."

"I can't do it without a team!" Rin fought, "It's near impossible to pull off like this!"

Daisuke huffed, "Then think of it as you explaining it to Kuroo-kun. Come on, I know you want to try it!"

Rin pursed her lips.

Of course she wanted to see if she could still do it, but the action itself might cause some strain on her knee. But, then again, Daisuke knew exactly what move she was talking about and he was pushing her to try it. So, all she had to do was be careful.

"Fine," she sighed, turning her eyes towards her brother so she could quietly mutter under her breath, "Toss it high."

Daisuke grinned and gave Rin a thumbs up before doing the same to Kuroo - who looked more than interested in what she was planning. Rin rubbed the back of her neck before taking a few quick steps towards the net. She bent her knees and made the motion to jump, stopping when she was on her tip toes. Her chin was tilted up towards the volleyball Daisuke had already tossed into the air and she barely noticed that Kuroo had already jumped - ready to block her spike. Her lips twitched upwards and she rested her feet flat against the floor before pushing up to jump into the air - this time her feet fully leaving the ground. Her hand made contact with the ball and flew past the tips of Kuroo's fingers, hitting the floor with a slap.

"Saaa~ you can still do it!"

Rin grinned, her eyes shining with excitement as she looked up at her brother, "I did it!"

Daisuke set his hand on Rin's head, ruffling her hair, "Wasn't as strong as before, and you didn't jump as high - but the fact that you can still do it is more than enough to impress me!"

"What did you just do?" Kuroo huffed, looking at Rin with confusion as he walked under the net over to her.

Rin grinned, scratching her cheek, "You know the most important rule for being a middle blocker, right?"

"Timing."

Rin nodded, agreeing with Kuroo's answer, "Exactly, so throwing off the opposite teams timing would be more than beneficial. Right?"

Kuroo's lips twitched upward, "I get it, I get it. You messed up my timing by faking your jump."

Rin's smile didn't leave her face, "Exactly. Now, follow that up after using an A-quick and the point should be yours."

Rin squeaked when she was roughly pulled towards Kuroo's side, his hand in ruffling her hair again, "Who knew our Rin-chan was such a genius when it came to Volleyball! You're gunna help me practice this so I can use it in games!"

"Oi! When did I agree to that?!"

\* \* \*

><p>{<strong>AUTHORS CORNER<strong>: MORE CHARACTER BONDING I LOVE CHARACTER BONDING. More Nekoma time to come, obviously and then we're gunna dive into the games! Also, more progress on Rin practicing!

Also, I got a job so updates might slow down and they might not and I might just update on weird days. If you wanna talk to me I tend to check my messages on here a lot, and I'm basically always on tumblr - \*\*juujisho\*\*.}

(\*\*HEAD CANON EIGHT\*\*: Rin loves to read Shounen and Horror manga when she has nothing else to do.)

\* \* \*

><p><strong>[READER QUESTIONS:<strong>

\*\*1. Would Rin & Oikawa get along?\*\*

\*\*- \*\*Personality wise, no. Although she's p dumb when it comes to boys I think his overly flirtatious nature would be obvious enough for her and she would be like eh no thanks. But if it came down to only Volleyball, yes.

\*\*2. I love your story :3 What other sports anime characters do you think Rin would get along with?\*\*

\*\*- \*\*THANK. This question was fun. Let's see, sports anime? I only

watch 3 other. Yowapeda, Kurobas and Free!. Hmm. In Yowapeda, Rin would probably get along with Arakita, Fukutomi, Imaizumi, and Kinjou. In Kuroko No Basuke she would probably get along with Kagami, Hyuuga, Aomine, and Kasamatsu. In Free! Rin would probably get along well with Rin and only Rin because everyone else is too much for her tbh. WOWIE. But in Yowapeda she would get along most with Arakita 'cause they're both little wolf shits and complain a lot but are actually really loyal to their friends. In Kurobas she would get along most with Kagami 'cause they're both super dense when it comes to peoples feelings but when it comes to sports they're all in. Rin and Rin would get along 'cause again, they're dedicated little shits when it comes to their designated sport.

\*\*ASK ME MORE QUESTIONS\*\*.

## 12. Definitely

\*\*CHAPTER TWELVE: DEFINITELY  
><strong>

\* \* \*

><p><em>"The best athletes in the world are those who are willing to push harder than anyone else, and go through more pain than anyone else.</em>\_"

\* \* \*

><p>Daisuke leaned further into the palm of his hand, his shoulders hunched forward as he leaned against the counter. Rin's hair was held back by a few clips lazy, long strands still falling in between her eyes as she sliced and diced at vegetables. The man's eyes lazily looked around the kitchen, food was laid out neatly around, a few cases of soda and a few bottles of alcohol joining - obviously their grandfathers.</p>

"You're dressed awfully nice for just a simple bbq?" Daisuke drawled, a sly grin making it's way onto his lips. Rin looked over her shoulder, providing her brother with a deadpanned look that excellently showed her lack of amusement at his comment. She was dressed fairly simply in a loose tank top that fell a little below her belly button, and a pair of drop crotch pants that fell low on her hips her feet were bare and her hair was as messy as it usually was. She wasn't dressed up per-say, but she was definitely wearing clothes that she pulled from the back of her closet. It's been a while since Daisuke had seen her wear anything besides jeans and shirt, or a pair of sweat pants and a sweatshirt. Point was, it's been a while she's actually looked forward to dressing up. The BBQ and her "date" to the Aquarium with Kenma and Kuroo were big steps for Rin, even if she didn't realize it - Daisuke definitely did. He wasn't dumb, he noticed the subtle change. The fact that she no longer fussed about her knee as much, or even complained about it. During their week of practices he noticed that she was smiling more, even if she did wake up sore the next day.

"Why are you so dressed up?" Rin muttered.

Daisuke grinned even wider, lifting his arm to flex, "Haaah? I thought my tank top was nice! It shows off my arms!"

Rin snorted, "Like you need to show them off, your regular shirts were tight enough."

Daisuke opened his mouth to retort but was cut off by the sound of Kogami barking near the front of the house. He raised a brow, a grin making it's way onto his face when Rin's head shot towards the door. She immediately called out to the dog, exiting the kitchen to go and open the door for whoever arrived. Daisuke reached over, grabbing a soda from the table and opening it up. Their grandfather walked in, dragging his feet lazily.

"I told you I could take care of her."

Daisuke snorted into the can of soda, pulling it away from his lips and setting it down onto the counter, "Don't get ahead of yourself, old man."

Yasufumi chuckled, a smug look crossing his face, "Why don't we make a bet out of something?"

Daisuke rose a single brow, "Old man, you should know by now that your gambling addiction is just as bad as your alcohol tolerance. I'm in."

Yasufumi rubbed his chin, "By the middle of the season Rin will realize her little crush on Kuroo-kun."

Daisuke let out a hearty laugh, slapping his hands over his stomach for emphasis on just how ridiculous his grandfathers statement was, "Do you even know Rinn? Old man, you're gonna lose."

"Oh?"

Daisuke grinned coyly, watching as Rin ushered Kuroo & Kenma towards the backyard where the BBQ was warming up, "The very last game of the season, she'll realize it at the end. She always does, old man."

\* \* \*

><p>"Are you nervous?"</p>

Rin looked up from her food, her cheeks puffed out while she chewed on the BBQ. Her eyes locked with Kuroo as he took a seat across from her, placing his plate down on his lap. Rin chewed a little quicker, swallowing her food and wiping at her mouth before she questioned him.

"Nervous?"

A smirk tugged at Kuroo's lips and he tilted his head, "Every time someone mentioned the game tomorrow you made this face, like you were nervous."

Rin grimaced, a frown tugging at her lips as she quietly huffed, "No."

"\_Hoh\_?" Kuroo leaned forward a little, his grin growing wider, "You are nervous, how cute!"

Rin narrowed her eyes at Kuroo, pushing his face away by setting her index finger in between his eyes and pushing, "Stop saying embarrassing things. And who cares if I'm nervous! I can be nervous! I'm just - I'm just scared I'll, uh, run into old rivals?"

Kuroo gave her a look clearly telling her he didn't believe anything she was saying, "Uh huh."

Rin huffed again, "...So what if I'm nervous for you guys?"

"Rin-hime is nervous!?"

Rin jumped, a soft yelp leaving her lips at the closeness of Yamamoto's voice. He popped up beside her, his chest puffed out and his cheeks tinted a light pink while he pointed to himself proudly, "We definitely won't lose, Rin-hime!"

Rin let out a sigh, just as Yaku walked up to slap Yamamoto upside the head, scolding him for being so loud in a home that wasn't his own.

"You shouldn't be nervous."

"Huh?" Rin looked up at Kuroo, he wasn't looking at her, but instead looking at the rest of the team. Yaku was still scolding Yamamoto who looked defeated as he held the back of his head. Fukunaga was standing close by, nodding his head while making animated hand gestures. Kenma was seated not too far away beside the twins, Kenma on his phone while the twins sat quietly eating. Kai was making his way towards Yaku and Yamamoto, calling out to Yaku while he held a plate full of food.

"We're strong."

Rin blinked, surprised at his calm and collected tone. But that wasn't what surprised her the most, instead it was the fact that he was reassuring her. She was only the manager, he was the one who was going to step on the court tomorrow and he was the one who was giving her words of encouragement?

Rin laughed softly, causing the bed-head to turn to her in confusion. She waved one hand dismissively in his direction while using the other hand to hide the smile that played at her lips, "I don't know what I was nervous about anymore."

Kuroo could feel his own smile tugging at his lips as she continued to speak.

"Just don't lose, yeah?"

Kuroo rolled his eyes playfully while Rin shoveled more food into her mouth.

We definitely won't lose\_.

\* \* \*

><p>{<strong>AUTHORS CORNER<strong>: THIS WAS REALLY SHORT WOW I APOLOGIZE A LOT BUT I HAD TO END IT THERE CAUSE IF NOT IT WOULD'VE

DRAGGED ON AND BEEN DUMB AND NEXT CHAPTER ARE GAMES AND WOW GAMES OKAY. I hit 100+ followers on this story & wow I just want to thank you guys a butt load and send out so many kisses to you all. Sorry for laggy updates, I'm on tumblr a lot but mostly mobile & honestly I've been working a lot so I've been p lazy with updating.

p.s. New cover image for this story ayy.}

(\*\*HEAD CANON NINE\*\*: Rin originally didn't want to play Volleyball, she wanted to play Basketball like Daisuke. But after realizing she wasn't very good, her father and grandfather suggested she try Volleyball - since her dad played both sports.)

\* \* \*

><p><span><strong>OMAKE<strong>:

"Just don't lose, yeah?"

Kuroo rolled his eyes playfully while Rin shoveled more food into her mouth.

"\_SAAA~\_"

Both Rin & Kuroo jumped, Rin choking on the food she was eating. Kuroo looked at her frantically, scrambling to hand her some of his soda.

"That's so cute that you're giving him words of encouragement, Rinn!"

Rin coughed harshly, trying to regain her breath from being startled by Daisuke's sudden (and loud) appearance. The tall man had an all too happy smile playing at his lips while he looked between the two teens.

"You shouldn't eat so fast, Rinn," Daisuke stated pointedly, wagging his finger mockingly at her, "It's unbecoming of a young, beautiful girl like yourself."

Rin shot her brother a harsh glare while she gulped down the drink Kuroo had offered her.

"Hey, you two just shared an indirect kiss just now - didn't you?"

Kuroo chortled while Rin sputtered, causing the drink to spray all over her face.

"Daisuke," Rin growled.

"Yeah?"

Rin raised her hand and dug her knuckles into Daisuke's temple, causing the large man to whine, "Ow! Rin! Stop, that hurts!"

"Good!"

### 13. Don't Lose

\*\*CHAPTER THIRTEEN: DON'T LOSE  
><strong>

\* \* \*

><p><em>"You know you are truly dedicated to something when you lie about being hurt so no one will make you stop.<em>\_ \_

\* \* \*

><p>"Don't you look nice."<p>

Rin narrowed her eyes at the taller male, his hands were planted on his hips and his signature smirk graced his lips. Kuroo tilted his head, reaching forward to tug at the collar of Rin's red Nekoma jacket. She huffed, slapping his hand away harshly and adjusted the jacket herself - a light blush burning the tips of her ears.

"I see you added the manager patch."

Rin hummed. She was dressed in the red tracksuit, the bottom of the red Nekoma pants scrunched up and ending just below her knees, she wore a plain black shirt and the red Nekoma jacket, the 'M' patch resting right above her heart. Daisuke had helped her sew it on last night, since she kept poking herself with the needle he had offered to help - teasing her about how cute she was the whole time. But at least he helped.

"You don't get road sick do you?"

Rin shot Kuroo a lazy glare, "\_No\_... why?"

Kuroo slung an arm over her shoulder, goading her to where the rest of Nekoma was eagerly getting on the bus so they could head to the Inter-High prelims, "'Cause you're sitting with me."

"I didn't agree to that," Rin grumbled half-heartedly, none the less letting herself be ushered into the seat. The two sat in a seat across from Kenma, who sat alone with his headphones plugged into his phone. Rin pulled out her own phone, unlocking it to check the time. She let out a soft gasp of surprise when it was snatched from her hands before she could even type in her password.

"I didn't know we were the wallpaper on your phone," Kuroo teased, holding Rin's phone out of her reach while he looked at her wallpaper. Rin growled, stretching her arm out to reach for it, "This is one of the pictures from the Aquarium, right? It is! Kenma look! Rin's wallpaper is the 3 of us!"

Kenma blinked, unable to get a good look at Rin's wallpaper since she kept shaking Kuroo's hand, urging him to give her her phone back. Kenma rolled his eyes, turning back to his phone as he attempted to hide the small smile behind his screen.

"Tetsurou, give it back!"

Rin groaned, finally snatching her phone from his hands. She pouted in his direction, causing him to only snicker in response. Rin huffed

quietly, unlocking her phone and checking her messages, "Hey, Tetsurou?"

Kuroo lifted his head, turning away from the window to look at Rin curiously.

"There's two representatives for Tokyo prefecture, right?" Rin asked, "Who's the other representative?"

Kuroo hummed, "Fukurodani Academy."

Rin switched her phone off, shoving it into the pocket of her sweats while she slumped lazily in her seat, "I feel like I've heard of that school for some reason."

Kuroo shrugged, "Who knows?"

Rin fumbled with her fingers on her lap, she could feel her nervousness grow as the bus continued to move closer and closer to where their Inter-High prelims would be held. Her heart was pounding against her rib cage and a part of her felt the urge to vomit. She was nervous and she wasn't even playing in the match today. It was a weird feeling, a new feeling, \_to be nervous for someone else\_.

Rin blinked when a hand was held out in front of her. She glanced up to see Kuroo staring down at her, looking at her with an arched brow. She furrowed her own in response, tilting her head to the right in confusion.

"You have the same look on your face from the day with Saruhiko," Kuroo started, his voice low, "You grabbed onto my arm when you got scared."

"Oh," Rin muttered, slowly understanding what Kuroo was offering her. He was offering her reassurance again, and the thought almost made her want to laugh again because she should be the one reassuring him. Rin bit the inside her cheek, slowly and tentatively she grabbed onto the sleeve of his jacket. She wrapped her fingers around his arm, and the thudding of her heart seemed to quiet almost immediately. They sat silently the rest of the ride on the bus. Rin squeezing the red fabric of Kuroo's jacket in between her fingers, while his hand rested in the area between them. They exchanged light conversation, neither of them mentioning their closeness.

Both of them completely oblivious to the fact that Yamamoto was red faced and silently "screaming" as he leaned over them while Kenma looked at the two of them with a small smile.

\* \* \*

><p>"You played at this gym once, Rin," Her grandfather whistled happily, looking over his shoulder at Rin.</p>

Rin grunted in response, rapidly typing the keys on her screen. Daisuke was suppose to get his own ride to the game, but the oversized child wasn't answering her last couple of texts. So she did the only thing she could do, she kept sending more texts. The last four texts she had sent her brother were filled with nothing but name-calling, and nothing really worth repeating.

"\_Rinny!\_"

Both Rin and Kuroo flew forward, Daisuke pulling the two back and towards his chest to prevent them from falling face first towards the ground. The brunette had his arms wrapped around both of their shoulders, a grin on his face while he spoke animatedly, "I'm so excited to be able to watch Kuroo-kun and the rest of Ya-jii's team play! I have high hopes for you!"

Rin sighed, flinging her elbow back roughly to hit Daisuke in the ribs. He grimaced, a pout forming on his lips as he stood up straighter - pulling his arms away from the two teens, "You're hits are starting to hurt more, Rinny. I'm not sure if I should be proud or worried at this point."

"Shut up, Daisuke."

Daisuke pouted, "You're no fun, Rinny. Aren't you excited - wait! That's right! You used to get super nervous before a match!"

"Daisuke!" Rin groaned, throwing her head back, "Why don't you, I don't know, go find your seat or something?"

Daisuke sent Rin a wink, "Gotcha, I'll leave the guys to handle your nerves then! I'll be cheering from the crowd, don't lose!"

Kuroo blinked a couple times at Daisuke's last comment, ignoring Rin's string of curses that she called out to her brother.

\_ "Don't lose." \_

\_ "What kind of good luck is that?" \_

"Oi, Rin."

Rin huffed, her glare softening when she looked away from the direction Daisuke had walked and instead looked towards Kuroo, "What?"

"Daisuke said don't lose," Kuroo started, pointing a finger in Daisuke's direction but moving it over to point at Rin, "You say that too."

Rin's cheeks flushed quickly and she turned her head away, raising one of her hands to wave at Kuroo dismissively, "It's - it's nothing! It's, ah, something Dai and I do for good luck... I guess?"

Kuroo couldn't help but smirk, "So you were wishing me good luck for that practice game, Rin-chan!"

Rin tsk'd, stomping towards the other Nekoma players a couple of feet away. They were all looking at the set up, seeing who they would have to go up against first and who they would go up against next if they won. She stepped beside Fukunaga, looking at the list of High Schools. Rin's eyes scanned the board for a few seconds before she found Nekoma and who they would be paired up against, they would be going up against Kuzuryu High School.

Rin bit her lip, slowly turning to follow the team once they were

done glancing at the board. The halls were immediately filled with noise, different people talking about multiple things. Boys lined the walls, talking, stretching or eating - all dressed in their volleyball uniforms or sweat suits.

Rin tugged at the bag on her shoulder, following closely behind Fukunaga and Yaku. She jumped up when in a quick blur Yamamoto was in front of her, hissing and growling the same way he had when they had the practice game not too long ago.

"Oi, Yamamoto," Yaku drawled, shooting the younger male a glare, "Stop that, you're probably scaring Rin-san more than you are the other players."

"Why does he even need to scare the other players," Rin muttered to herself, pushing Yamamoto - who was still hissing - with the bottom of her foot. The team found an empty space on the floor to toss their bags down, everyone going into their own little routine of either stretching, munching on something or drinking water. Rin took a seat beside Kenma, the two of them leaning against the wall close by. Rin tugged a Volleyball magazine from her bag, flipping through the pages aimlessly. She read about a few teams, some in Tokyo and some outside of Tokyo. Nothing in particular catching her eye except for a few schools outside of Tokyo - Aoba Johsai and Shiratorizawa being a few of them.

"What's that?"

Rin looked at Kenma from the corner of her eye before turning the magazine so he could get a better look at it, "Magazines about the High School Volleyball teams in Japan."

"Sounds boring..."

Rin shrugged, flipping to another page, "It's nice to know who you guys are going up against, big names or small, everyone has their own trick up their sleeve."

"What was your trick?"

Rin lifted her eyes from the magazine to look at Kenma, a small smirk making its way onto her lips as she let out a light laugh, "It's complicated."

Kenma pulled a face, "If you say so."

"Lemme see that."

Rin growled when the magazine was tugged from her hands. Kuroo stood above both her and Kenma, flipping through the pages rapidly, "Oi, I just opened it!"

"Ah~," Kuroo hummed, flipping the magazine over to show Rin a picture of a familiar team, "Isn't that the school the Coach said was suppose to be are rivals?"

Rin tilted her head, eyeing the black and orange uniforms, "Oh yeah, Karasuno. I'm pretty surprised I forgot about them.."

"You think we'll be able to play them this year?" Kuroo asked, his

eyes skimming over the contents of the magazine.

"Who knows," Run mused, "Maybe? Then maybe Jii-chan will finally get that whole, Battle at the Trash Heap again."

"\_Haah\_?"

Rin snickered, snatching the magazine from Kuroo's hands to look at the players. It was an old photo from last year, since the magazine wasn't too new, a few young and promising faces plus some older ones that have probably already graduated.

"Jii-chan and Ukai-san, the old coach of Karasuno, for some reason always called Nekoma vs Karasuno that," Rin stated, looking over the names and years of the team's players, "It makes sense when you think about it, cats and crows, but I still think it's a silly nickname."

Kuroo chuckled, "That's strange coming from you, didn't your old teammates have a nickname for that time-difference move you pulled?"

Rin grimaced, "That was different!"

"Settle down!"

Rin and Kuroo turned their attention to Yasufumi, who clapped his hands together to gain the attention of the players. The older man moved his hands behind his back, a sly smile tugging at his lips as he looked at the faces of all the players, "The court is open for us to head onto now, why don't we go?"

Rin could feel her heart pound against her ribcage again and she stood slowly, inhaling a large sum of air and then letting out a shaky breath. Her eyes moved to the floor when Kuroo slung his arm over her shoulders, bending down ever so slightly so their faces were parallel to each other, "Don't make such a worried face, it doesn't suit you."

"Shut up," Rin huffed, lifting her chin up and crossing her arms defiantly, "I can pout all I want to, if I want to."

"You're much cuter when you don't pout."

Rin flushed, her shoulders tensing for a second before she reeled her elbow back into Kuroo's stomach, "Don't be so embarrassing!"

The court was huge, the ceiling reaching high points and the bleachers mostly filled with people waiting to watch. Rin inhaled, the grip on her bag tightening for a moment before she relaxed, she tilted her head to look at Kuroo who was looking at the gym with curiosity.

"Tetsurou."

Kuroo arched a brow, looking at Rin. She offered him a lopsided grin, her heart still pounding with nerves as she spoke, "Don't lo-"

"\_Rin\_? Nekomata Rin?!"

Rin frowned at the interruption. Both her and the Nekoma players turning to look around and find the voice that had just spoken. Rin's eyes searched through the uniforms of the opposing team, trying to find out \_who\_ had just called her name. She froze, her whole body stiffening when her eyes locked with the person who had called out to her. A sly grin formed on his lips and Rin's eyes widened from surprise, her heart dropping to the pit of her stomach at the sight of her old teammate.

\* \* \*

><p>{<strong>AUTHORS CORNER<strong>: I was super excited to get this chapter out, I should be sleeping since I work in the morning but WELP. So please review! BUT GAH, ANY GUESSES? No? AIGHT.}

[ \*\*FF USER Silver Hydrangea\*\* \*\*\*:\*\* To respond to your message they are at the Inter-High prelims, and no they have not met Karsuno. I plan to have them meet Karasuno when it happens in the actual manga, so in Rin & Kuroo's 3rd year. Right now this is their second year since my story takes place 1 year before the actual plot.]

(\*\*HEAD CANON TEN\*\*: Rin has never had a boyfriend, but has had her first kiss.)

#### 14. Vice Captain

\*\*CHAPTER FOURTEEN: VICE CAPTAIN  
><strong>

\* \* \*

><p><em>"I am a member of a team, and I rely on the team, I defer to it and sacrifice for it, because the team, not the individual, is the ultimate champion.<em>\_"

\* \* \*

><p>"Rin-chan!"<p>

Rin grunted from the impact of the tall male flinging his arms around her body, her head was pressed up against his chest while he had his arms wrap themselves around her head - immobilizing her. The male shook her back and forth, causing her expression to quickly fade from shock to annoyance. She could feel him raise a hand to ruffle her hair, causing her to finally decide it was time to wiggle free.

"Oi! Hana - Hanataro, let \_go\_!"

Rin pushed her hands against his chest and pushed away from him, quickly patting down her, now, messy hair. Hanataro took a step back, allowing Rin to get a good look at him. He was taller than before, standing a good 10 cm above her - making him around 190 cm tall.

Tsubaki Hanataro was the definition of tall and handsome. His blond hair stuck up messily in every direction - but seemed to look perfectly in place at the same time - two green clips rested parallel just above his pierced right ear. His eyes were a dark forest green,

and the small beauty mark on his jaw was something all of the girls loved to talk about in middle school.

"It's been so long since I've seen you, Rin-chan!" Hana beamed, grabbing Rin by her shoulders and shaking her back and forth again and Rin's annoyance grew with every word that left his mouth, "I stayed up crying for days because my dear Captain just disappeared after our match! We went to see you but you were sleeping most of the time and eventually Dai-kun said you didn't want anyone visiting! Do you know how annoying everyone was without you keeping them in line?! It was horrible! And then that other shithead, Ko-kun took over as Captain and Aiko became Vice Captain! Do you know how obnoxious that was?! I missed my charming, sweet, smart, wolfish -"

Rin interrupted the blond by placing her palm on his face, pushing him away from her, "Shut up, Hana. Can't you be serious, for once?"

The childish grin from Hanataro's face faded into a sly smirk, his eyes narrowing slightly as he looked over Rin's shoulder to glance at the team that stood not too far behind her. He tilted his head, his tongue running across his lips before he spoke. His voice was low and smooth, but the threatening undertone was easy to detect, "Aaah, don't tell me you're from Nekoma High School, Rin-chan?"

Rin's brows furrowed in confusion before she glanced at the name stitched on Hanataro's jacket.

\*\*Kuzuryu High School Volleyball Team. Vice Captain\*\*.

"I'd hate to think that our reunion would be so unfortunate," Hanataro pouted, crossing his arms over his chest and letting his finger brush his lips. He looked Rin once over, his eyes - not so subtly - looking at Rin from head to toe, "It'd be a shame to lose, neh, manager?"

"It's only unfortunate for you, Hana. Honestly, Vice Captain? You seem a little lazy for that," Rin shrugged her shoulders, crossing her arms over her chest - her voice was challenging and she kept steady eye contact with the blond, "I never thought I'd see the day where you did something productive."

"That's the Rin-chan I knew, sassy as always!" Hanataro grinned, unzipping his jacket and tossing it dramatically towards the bench where his teammates were watching.

Rin flinched when a cluster of feminine screams met her ears, and she immediately looked up to see a brigade of high school girls - all of them calling out various good lucks and other phrases toward 'Hana-kun'. Rin looked at the blond with a deadpanned expression as he waved at the girls happily, their serious moment gone and forgotten. Much to her disdain.

"You haven't changed one bit," Rin snorted, reaching up to pinch the end of Hanataro's ear, so she could tug him down to her level, "At least be serious while we're still talking, stupid!"

"Ow, ow, ow! Capta - "

Rin let go of Hanataro's ear after he stopped himself mid-sentence.

Their faces both held looks of surprise, Hanataro's eyes widening and Rin's mouth parting. The two took a step back towards their respective teams as they slowly straightened up and changed the expressions on their faces. Rin wiped the shock off her face and replaced it with a sturdy look of determination, while Hanataro settled for a look that the others could only describe as conniving.

Both expressions were familiar to the old teammates.

"You know I love ya, Rin-chan," Hanataro began, running a hand through his hair while a coy smile made its way onto his lips, "But I don't plan on losing here today."

Rin smiled, tilting her head to the right while taking a step back towards Nekoma, "Well I'm glad, that means you'll put up a good fight for my boys today then. But remember, Hana, I won't lose either. So that means Nekoma won't lose."

Hanataro snorted, adjusting the collar of his green and grey uniform while Rin turned around to walk to Nekoma's side of the court.

Her heart was pounding against her chest and her hand instinctively reached for the red fabric around Kuroo's wrist. The smile that had tugged on her lips never left and she could feel herself being to feel warm. The excitement and thrill of the Volleyball game that was about to happen was already eating at her insides - and she wasn't even playing. Her hand tightened around Kuroo's wrist and she had to clench her jaw to contain all the excitement she was bottling up. She was excited, and it felt like forever since she had felt anything remotely close to this.

"What was that?"

Rin chuckled lightly, letting go of Kuroo's sweater to look up at him. Her hand moved to the back of her neck, and the rest of Nekoma began to look at her curiously. They dropped their bags around the bench, while Rin tugged off the red Nekoma jacket.

"Hanataro use to be the Vice Captain of my old team for a little while," Rin smiled lightly, "He was way too lazy to preform any Vice Captain duties so eventually he gave the title up to someone else."

"He\_ gave up\_ being the Vice Captain?" Yaku tilted his head, "That doesn't make much sense."

Rin scratched her cheek, a sheepish smile playing at her lips, "He was really lazy. Getting him to practice was more of a workout than actual practice, and most of the time he would just lay on the floor using a Volleyball as a pillow so he could sleep. During games he'd whine half the time, starting a lot of arguments with another old wing spiker - who was the exact opposite, he was a ball of energy. Him and Hana butted heads so eventually the Vice Captain title was passed on to him."

"If he was so lazy he couldn't have changed that much!" Yamamoto stated, "So he isn't anything we should worry about, right, Rin-hime!?"

Rin's smile faltered and her hand fell from the back of her neck slowly, "I never said that."

Kuroo looked at Rin with furrowed brows, watching as she tilted her body to look over her shoulder at Kuzuryu High, "Hana is lazy, I don't doubt that's changed. He's also narcissistic and far too aloof for my liking. But there was a reason I originally asked him to be my vice captain."

Rin lifted her two hands in the air, "Hana's height is already an advantage, but as a wing spiker he's really great."

"Not as great as me! I'll be Nekoma's Ace!" Yamamoto interrupted, puffing out his chest and cheeks.

Rin gave the younger male a lopsided smile before Kuroo urged her to continue, "Hana is ambidextrous. He trained himself to switch hands mid air. So, when you think he's aiming to spike the ball to the right because he's raising his left hand, he'll switch it and use his right hand to hit the ball to the left or middle. It threw a lot of people off, and a lot of people saw it difficult to get used to. It is annoying to deal with, and even mildly frustrating - but it's not impossible to stop."

"Ambidextrous...?"

"It means he can use both of his hands equally, he's not right or left handed necessarily," Yaku explained to Yamamoto, "He can use both hands."

Rin crossed her arms over her chest, "His power levels are high, but his stamina is pretty low from what I remember - though, that might have changed in the past two years. But I don't doubt you guys can give -"

"Rin-chaaan!"

Rin flinched, slowly looking over her shoulder with an strained expression. Hana was waving both his arms above his head, a large mocking smile on his lips as he yelled across the court, "Are you talking about me, Rin-chan!?"

Rin's shoulders slumped and she only blinked in his direction. From afar she could see another player go up to Hanataro and drag his hands down, looking exasperated while doing so.

"Always so full of himself," Rin muttered before turning to Nekoma, she placed her hands on her hips and a small smile was placed on her lips, "Don't make me look bad, alright? Don't lose."

Rin was tugged forward by the collar of her black shirt, and was dragged into the middle of the team's huddle by Kuroo. The team looked at her, everyone's face either holding a look of determination or a genuine bright smile.

"Let's not embarrass the princess," Kuroo grinned, "Alright?"

The team chorused loudly in agreement and Rin laughed softly, her cheeks flushing, "You need to come up with a better speech, Tetsu."

\* \* \*

><p>{<strong>AUTHORS CORNER<strong>: I love Hana tbh he's Okamiyasha's own Oikawa give or take a few things. I relate Hana to a snake, although both his first and last name mean flower. His character is meant to kind of come off as sketchy, and I don't expect everyone to like him considering a few things BUT I hope you liked the chapter. More of Rin's old team will be introduced and I will soon be getting into proper flashbacks. Thank you for the reviews/follows/favorites! Almost to 100 favorites, ah! Thanks so much! ALSO LOL SO MANY PEOPLE ASKING IF IT WAS BOKUTO I'M SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU.}

[ \*\*SIDE NOTE\*\*: \_Kuzuryu\_ means Nine-Headed Dragon. The Dragon is the reference to Hana's animal representation being a snake.]

( \*\*HEAD CANON ELEVEN\*\*: Rin's favorite food is chichi dango [which is usually served as a dessert].)

\* \* \*

><p><strong><span>BONUS<span>: 2 1/2 YEARS PRIOR \*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"Oi, Nekomata. Tsubaki-chan is sleeping under the bench again."<p>

"Mei-chan, don't call me that~"

Rin glared in the direction of the two voices, halting her pen in the middle of the paper, "Will you two shut \_up\_? I'm trying to write notes."

Mei lifted a slender brow, running her hand through her short ashy gray hair while she rolled her dark eyes. The setter jutted her thumb towards Rin while she spoke to Hanataro, "Someone's grumpy."

Hanataro sat up from his position on the floor, a cocky grin making it's way onto his face, "She wasn't yesterday."

Rin didn't bother look up from her paper, but instead kept scribbling notes while she muttered out a '\_shut the hell up, Hana\_'.

"Eh?" Mei cocked her hip, leaning over Hanataro, "What's that suppose to mean?"

"Hana, if you value your position as Vice Captain you will shut -"

"I gave Rin~chan her first kiss yesterday!"

"- up."

Mei blinked, looking between an grinning Hanataro and a brooding Rin, "Gross... I'm gonna tell the whole team."

"Mei, I will replace you as first string setter if you -"

"Oh?" Mei called out loudly, her voice still as monotonous as it always sounded, "Whats that, Nekomata? You and Tsubaki kissed? That's gross."

Rin pinched the bridge of her nose, watching as Mei walked towards where the other players were now filing in - a bunch of them already commenting on what she had just loudly announced. Rin turned her glare over to Hana, who only smiled innocently at her.

"Should I tell them it was your first kiss too?"

"\_EH\_?! That'll ruin my reputation with the ladies, Rin-chan, how mean!"

End  
file.